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FEATURES

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GEORGE DEMPSTER

FANTASTIC FATES OF siamese twins

How do those unfortunates, chained eternally together, manage to shape themselves a life?

ONLY a few months ago, there died in Tasmania two babies who had been born Siamese twins . . . joined head to head.

If they had survived, their lot in life would have been frustrated and miserable beyond belief.

Though there have been Siamese twins who have made a compromise with the world, consider what the lot of any Siamese twins must be.

In the United States, a few years ago a vicious criminal was being given a train ride to a distant prison. Orders were that he had to be handcuffed to a guard every minute.

After two days on the train, he turned on the guard and began pounding him with his fists, at the same time trying desperately to climb out of the train window.

When he was finally subdued, the outraged guard turned on him and asked why he had tried such a foolish thing. And the killer, who had cold-bloodedly murdered four men, broke down and sobbed: "I can't stand it! Being tied to you every minute, like a dog . . . every move I make . . . "

The hardened desperado had gone berserk after being bound to another man for a mere 48 hours!

If this is what can happen to a "normal" person after such a short time, think how it must feel to be organically bound to someone else for your whole life—as one Siamese Twin is to another!

Few of us can deny that we think we'd probably go berserk under these conditions, and we wonder how it must feel to be in such a predicament.

Oddly enough, several pairs of Siamese twins have said they didn't mind their condition one bit. They further declared they wouldn't change —even if they could. Lest you think this is just sour grapes, let's take a look at the famed Godino brothers.

These boys, Lucio and Simplicio, were born of high-caste Filipino parents. Soon after birth they were adopted by a millionaire, who brought them up in an atmosphere of luxury and culture. They were never made to feel they were freaks, and were urged to participate in everything, including sports. They were good swimmers, golfers and, at tennis in particular, were hard to beat.

As for marriage, the good-looking twins liked girls and simply took it for granted that they'd someday hear wedding bells. And they did, when they eventually met, and married, two school teachers. After their honeymoon, they told reporters they'd had a delightful trip. As for their being tied together, that had been no handicap at all—but quite the contrary, since all four liked one another and got along just fine together.

At the age of 28, Lucio got pneumonia, and now lay in a hospital bed, deathly ill, with Simplicio lying completely well next to him. One night Simplicio woke up with a feeling that he could not describe. "I was drowsing," he said, "when suddenly a sensation came over me. I can't describe it. . . . I leaned over to speak to Lucio about it. In leaning, I touched against his body. It was cold. Lucio was dead."

The death made it necessary for an operation to be performed, to separate the twins. With the aid of plastic surgery, it was successful. Than for ten days Simplicio lay in bed, smiling encouragement to his wife.

But on the eleventh day he died. In other words Simplicio did not want to go on living without his Siamese twin brother.

The more-than-physical bond that usually binds Siamese twins together is even more vividly shown in the case of the "Biddenden Maids." These girls, Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, got their nickname from the fact that they were born in Biddenden, England. All through their lives, doctors kept telling them that no vital organs were involved in their connecting tissues—but again and again the girls refused to be separated.

When one finally died, at the age of 34, the living twin still refused to be parted from her companion. "As we came together," she said, "so we shall also go together." She died six hours after her sister.

Actually, you might say, such undying love and devotion must exist between Siamese twins—otherwise their lives would be completely miserable. But there was at least one

pair that had disagreements—and still lived to a ripe old age.

These were the "original" Siamese twins, Cheng and Eng. Although they were Chinese by descent, they were born, in 1811, in Siam.

At their birth, Cheng and Eng were almost put to death by orders of the King of Siam, a superstitious monarch who feared evil would come from the "little monsters." But they escaped this cruel fate and grew up to be very athletic young lads. One day as they were swimming around a vessel in the harbor, they were spotted by a Yankee sea captain. They told the sympathetic seaman how badly they were treated in Siam, and he let them run away by stowing them aboard his vessel.

Cheng and Eng travelled all around the world with this fellow, and, simply by showing themselves to curious people, managed to make and save a lot of money. After a while P. T. Barnum heard of them, and they joined his list of circus attractions.

Eventually they retired from circus life at the age of 44. They were wealthy men by then (having a joint bank account) and they went to North Carolina, where they settled down and married the two daughters of a clergyman. Eng fathered 12 children, while Cheng fell a step behind him with only 10. They'd been on the best of terms up to this time—but now their troubles began.

Their wives fought! And how they fought! It got so bad that the men had to build two houses, one for each wife. Every three days the twins moved from one house to the other.

Brawling wives weren't their only source of trouble, either. Chang took a liking to bottled spirits—and became quite a drunkard. Eng not only feared this would undermine their mutual health, but he also suffered from Cheng's hangovers. The atmosphere grew so acrimonious that the two men weren't on speaking terms.

It was Eng who died first. And it was the poison from his body that killed his liquor-loving twin an hour later.

In the last ten years, about half a dozen operations have proven successful in separating Siamese twins —as far as at least one twin was concerned, anyway.

Strange as it might seem, Siamese twins have often led far happier lives — joined together — than they would have if separated. One of the reasons for this is that they find it so easy to make a very good living, because the public pays huge amounts to see Siamese twins in person.

The famous Hilton sisters, for example, made as much as $3500 a week. And—far from being wall-flowers—they were engaged to be married many more times than any average good-looking girl. And all their suitors were handsome men, too.

The twins received a fine education, became good musicians and dancers, and were always in demand as entertainers.

Like all teen-agers, the girls had crushes on handsome men — Daisy adored Rudy Vallee — and they dreamed of love and romance. As they blossomed forth into attractive womanhood, they received many gifts and mash notes from admirers.

Violet describes "their" first kiss—from a famed guitar player of the time, who seemed to love Daisy but had never been allowed alone with her. "When Don Galvan came to see my sister," Violet said, "he just stood there looking at her, and a big thrill ran through both of us. At that time, I had not yet learned how to will myself to be immune to my sister's emotions. Later on we both acquired the ability to blank out the other in romantic moments.

"This was, however, our first real-life romance, and it intoxicated both of us. I was as anxious for my sister to experience her first kiss as she was herself. . . . Then Don held out his arms to Daisy—and kissed her on the forehead!"

Eventually this engagement was broken off because Don wanted Daisy to give up show business and go to Mexico to live with him—but Daisy didn't think it would be fair to make Violet go to Mexico too.

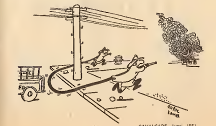
Don was only the first of many romances for the girls. One of Violet's boy friends gave up in frustration when 21 states refused to grant him a marriage licence on the grounds that marrying a Siamese twin was "contrary to morals."

Daisy broke off one of her engagements because she noticed that her boyfriend conducted most of their conversations via the telephone. And when he proposed in the same way, she felt sure he was too shy.

Eventually each girl did get married, though. Violet married Jimmy Moore, an entertainer, and Daisy walked to the altar with Harold Estep, a master of ceremonies. After Violet's wedding, which was conducted in the great Texas Cotton Bowl, she was pestered with embarrassing questions about her love life.

She would tell reporters, without any hesitation: "It is merely a matter of psychology. When the proper time comes for it, Daisy and I just get rid of each other—mentally."

Daisy's husband, Harold Estep, couldn't quite get himself to mentally blank out Violet, however. And ten days after the marriage the girls woke up one morning to find Harold gone. When Daisy sued for divorce on grounds of desertion, Estep admitted the charges, and said he could hardly be blamed under the circumstances. There were times in a man's life, he added, when you can't quite get used to having someone else around—especially a twin bride



A grotesque fate awaits those who are unwary enough to attempt to pluck the bloom of evil

Flower of VENGEANCE

WAYNE D. MOTE

AMONG the black, superstition-ridden jungles of darkest Africa, in a hell greener than any hell on earth, grows the Endua, the most wicked flower in existence. Hundreds of natives have died because of its curse. And it has caused suffering to thousands of others. To destroy the Endua is to destroy the most sacred object in the African land of Dahomy. A torturous death awaits anyone found guilty of picking or molesting the flower.

Not even the macabre threat of the "leopard men" (those ghoulish monsters clad in the skins of their totemic beast, who with claws of tempered steel slay by tearing at the throats of their victims); not all the horrors of witchcraft and voodoo; not the unspeakable tortures and the unprintable barbarities which the savage mind has devised to keep the clansmen within the limits of the tribal law are held in greater fear by the Dahomeans than this flower.

Other trees in other lands have a reputation for malignant (and even deliberate) evil; but the Endua outshines them all.

Physically, the Endua is almost supernatural looking. Its color is purplish-brown, which adds to its eerie appearance. From the centre of it wave long, silky hairs covered with a sticky substance that serves to trap the insects on which the flower gets its food for growth. It is called the cannibal flower by white people who live in Africa. The Endua grows on a thin vine that winds itself around huge trees in the darkest part of the jungle.

The natives of Dahomy worship the Endua, even above the venomous snakes that they keep in their temples of faith. And they will kill in order to protect it. A peculiar fate awaited one man who didn't respect the natives' superstition regarding the flower.

He was a young man by the name of Henry Evans-Thomas. He came from London to take a job as chief clerk for a sugar plantation in Dahomy. But when Evans-Thomas arrived in Dahomy he found no sugar factory. He found only the remnants of where one had once been. Instead, his boss, a man named Thorndyke, was engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa. Thorndyke pampered and adhered to the superstitions of the natives and had them believing he was a man of great power and influence. And when trouble threatened, Thorndyke usually had a way of quelling it . . . either by marrying a daughter of one of the chiefs, or by invention, scheme and fast talk.

Evans-Thomas, being a soldier of fortune himself, saw the opportunities that awaited him if he played along. So he fell wholeheartedly into the slave trading business. Anyway, it was far more money that he could ever make shuffling among reams of papers in an office back in London.

It was the humid season in Africa, and the wet heat was almost unbearable for everybody. Evans-Thomas could stand the heat, but the insects that came with it were too much for him. He tried every way he knew to rid his quarters of the miserable mosquitoes, but everything he did was in vain. His nights became agony, and he was desperate for some kind of relief.

One day he was out in the jungle with his Kroo cabin boy when he spotted an Endua flower. He saw the insects that were attracted to the flower, then trapped on the sticky hairs in the centre. This was the answer. With several of those in his room, he wouldn't have to worry about mosquitoes any more.

The Kroo boy pleaded with Evans-Thomas, explained to him about the sacred flower and the penalty for molesting it. But the Englishman would hear none of it. Superstitions were silly nonsense to him. Why should he comply with native superstition when the flowers would be a great convenience to him? The Kroo boy's eyes were wide with fright as Evans-Thomas began picking the flowers and putting them into a sack. Then the boy turned and ran into the jungle as if the devil was after him.

That afternoon Evans-Thomas distributed the Endua flowers about his room. The purplish-brown blossoms were a miracle. They served the purpose completely. That night the young man got the first complete night's sleep he had had since he arrived in Africa. And he wondered why nobody had discovered that the Endua flower was the answer to Africa's insect problem.

Two nights later, Evans-Thomas

VIRTUE AND VERBICIDE

She was coy, demure and shy;
hid the twinkle in her eye;
gave wistful wolves a very frigid shoulder,
till she spied (bereft of speech)
other pebbles picked up on the beach —
which was when the minx became a little boulder.

JAY-PAY

heard the loud chantings of the natives of the village and saw their bonfire. It was the first time he had seen such a spectacle. He wondered what the occasion was. While he was on his front porch watching the natives, Thorndyke, his employer, came rushing up to him. Thorndyke was excited and almost pushed Evans-Thomas into the house.

"My God, man," Thorndyke exploded, "do you realise what you've done?"

"I haven't done anything that I know of," the Englishman said, bewildered.

"Those darn flowers," Thorndyke said, pointing about the room, "those flowers are what the trouble's about. Why did you have to pick them. Those flowers are sacred to the natives. They're out to get you because of those flowers, and there's nothing I can do for you."

Then Thorndyke placed a rope of plaited palm leaves around the frightened clerk's neck "That'll protect you for a while. Only the head priest can take it off. But after that . . ." Thorndyke turned and hurriedly left Evans-Thomas' quarters.

It wasn't long before the hundred-odd natives came for Evans-Thomas. He made no effort to resist them. The head chief came forward and took the rope of plaited palm leaves from around the young man's neck and made a motion with his hand. Several husky natives forced Evans-Thomas at spearpoint in the direction of the temple.

They marched him to a room of the temple and shoved him inside. Evans-Thomas knew cold fear for the first time in his life. Above him and under his feet, he could hear the soft slithering and the angry hissing noises of the sacred but venomous snakes that were kept there for religious rites. And in the dim light he could see their beady eyes looking down at him, searching him out. He screamed and then danced madly about the room, trying to get away from the snakes. But they were everywhere he went The room was filled with snakes.

Suddenly, he rushed through the doorway and fell at the feet of the guards who tried to hold him in the room Then at that moment the Viceroy, Thorndyke, and the other white men of the village appeared. The Viceroy pleaded for the white man's life. The head chief and the other chiefs went into consultation.

They decided that they would alter the white man's sentence. Evans-Thomas was taken to a clearing in the jungle. The natives dug a pit and filled it with dry reeds. While this was going on, Thorndyke edged closer to the young clerk and told him about the water hole one hundred yards to the south . . . that the natives would tell him to run for water.

The white man, stripped of his clothes, was placed in the pit and the reeds were lighted with a torch. Flames leaped up around Evans-Thomas' flesh He was given the command by the head chief to run in the direction of water. The river was a half mile to the north, and it would have meant sure death for the Englishman had Thorndyke not told him of the waterhole close by. The naked man ran with all his strength. Natives were close on his heels, beating him with clubs and slashing at him with long knives. Some stood by and threw stones at his running figure in the darkness

Evans-Thomas reached the water-hole and jumped in. The natives mumbled their disappointment and kept brandishing their weapons, but the head chief intervened. The clerk was the first man, black or white, to survive the firepit treatment and the snake treatment.

Evans-Thomas stayed in the slave business in the land of Dahomy in Africa for many years after the night of his weird sentence, but he never at any time picked an Endua, Africa's flower of vengeance



Humanity's last chance to thumb its nose at the rest of the world and its spouse.

WILLIAM BENNELONG



THE WILFUL WAY OF WILLS

BRISBANE taxi-driver, Jack Moskon, a naturalised Russian, has made a will leaving his fortune to be shared by any illegitimate children born in Queensland on the day of his death. To forestall possible legal difficulties, he obtained certificates from two doctors testifying to his sanity at the time of making the will.

"I've seen young people, illegitimate through no fault of their own," he said, "kicked from pillar to post. Perhaps I will be able to help some of them to a better start."

Moskon's will is certainly original, but hardly more unorthodox than hundreds of wills in which people have rewarded friends, paid off old scores and expressed the odd interests and bizarre twists of human personality.

A will is a man's last chance to thumb his nose at the world—without the fear of being answered back.

It must have been with wry satisfaction that Ann Beresford, an old English lady, who lived in tears and tatters, anticipated the feelings of her acquaintances when they heard her will for those who scorned her in life. She left gifts of £100 each to fifty people who had shown her kindnesses, like the flower-seller who had pressed a shilling into her hand one day. To her neighbors who passed her by, she left—nothing.

There are many like her in seemingly humble circumstances who leave valuable and valid wills. A London bachelor, Mark Lewis, who rented a small back room for thirty years at 4/6 a week, died last year and left £100 each to ten blind girls and ten blind boys and £4000 to two hospitals.

Even more surprising than the unexpected people who do make good and valid wills are some who don't. Judges and eminent lawyers of all people have often turned out to be makers of troublesome wills.

Mr. Justice Halse Rogers and one New South Wales Registrar of Probates died without leaving wills, and numbers of prominent legal men have not made a will . . . not through neglect, but because they believed it unnecessary. The late Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Frederick Jordan, left a will which proved to be faulty. He drew it up himself when he was one of Sydney's leading probate and equity lawyers.

The main condition necessary to make a will valid is that it be signed in the presence of two witnesses. There is no special form required. The will of Harold Douglas, who disappeared in 1942 with two companions in a launch between La Perouse and Port Kembla, was washed ashore near Gosford (N.S.W.) in 1943. It was written on a blank cheque form.

Early this year, a Des Moines (Iowa) judge declared valid a will written on a gin rummy score card during a game and witnessed by two players. It is not even necessary that the individual to benefit under a will be a human being . . . large sums of money are frequently left to birds and animals.

Bob Blair, a 52-years-old parrot, was the sole beneficiary in February this year under the will of retired Detroit policeman, George Blair. The policeman left the whole of his 40,000 dollar estate to the parrot who, he said, "is the only friend I have; he deserves every penny I'm giving him."

In the same month, an Ashfield (N.S.W.) contractor willed his dogs five shillings a week each for life from his £14,700 estate. He directed that a guardian be appointed to care for his dogs who would receive £200 when they had all died.

Biggest bequest to an animal was probably the £30,000 which a New York lawyer left to his tiger cat.

The special conditions and instructions attached to some bequests can prove quite an embarrassment to executors and recipients. A recent legacy to needy people in the parish of Ickham (Kent) put the white-haired vicar in a spot. The will ordained that the charity was to be dispensed "in red flannel petticoats."

One man was left a legacy on condition that he never read a newspaper, while another was left £30,000 (all in firewood which he had to

BELIEVE it ,or not, the bousing problem has caught up with Bette Davis Bette acquired a fourth husband, Garry Merrill at Juarez (Mexico) in a quickie ceremony a few hours after Garry had obtained a divorce. After the happy event, there arose the even happier question of the honeymoon Alarm and instant despond! Bette's Laguna Beach house (which she had shared with Husband No 3, William Grant Sherry) was not conducive to care-free honeymoons Bette's Toluca Lake bungalow was—if anything—worse. (You can see Warner Bros studio any sunny day and honeymooners don't like that sort of work) Then Bette's New Hampshire farm provided the last straw (no pun intended). She had sent its furniture to Hollywood. The couple eventually rented a Massachusetts cottage.

— From "Photoplay," the world's finest motion picture magazine.

chop himself his life-work, maybe).

An English farmer during the war bequeathed a Land Army girl £25 on condition that she married his son; and an 85-years-old ex-stockbroker left his wife £500 . . . as a wedding present if she re-married.

A man has been a student of medicine and dentistry at Edinburgh University for 15 years because his father's will provided him with an income of £300 a year "so long as he remains a student" The "student" was quite happy with his lot until British dentists' incomes began to soar under the National Health Scheme "My allowance from my parents' will and the money I could earn from my spare-time work as a dental mechanic was good enough to make me live an enjoyable life among the students," he said recently "But a dental practice seems to mean a prosperous living, and that seems a bigger lure than being one of the boys" So he has decided to pass his examinations, renounce his studentship and his bequest and become a rich dentist

One of the richest wills of recent years was that of Lord Mildmay, famous English steeplechase jockey, who was drowned this year. He tried for years to win the Grand National but could do no better than third on Cromwell in 1948. In his £1,138,972 will he handed the quest on to his godson, Edward Cazalet, 15, son of his trainer. The will provides that the boy "should have every opportunity of developing into a steeplechase rider" and leaves him £10,000 and 13 horses to help him fulfill Lord Mildmay's ambition.

A 67-year-old San Francisco wharf-laborer who died last year left all his estate, valued at £1500, to film star Ann Sheridan. The beautifully-penned will, written in 1947, was addressed to "My beloved Ann Sheridan, The Picture Star, and No One Else in Hollywood, California."

People who live in expectation of bequests from friends are frequently surprised at what they do get An 80-year-old English spinster (who had an estate of £26,000) recently left her corsets and "all their contents" to her friend, Miss Emily Parker. When Emily Parker got the corsets she found 31 pound notes sewn inside them.

Young American, Ronald Deen, was left a Bible by a rich uncle, whose favorite nephew he had been. He could not understand why he had been left nothing but a Bible. Some weeks later he casually picked it up, flicked over its pages and came upon a neatly folded stock certificate which turned out to be worth more than 7000 dollars. Ronald is reported to have been a devout Bible-reader ever since.

Few wills, however, have caused so much trouble and confusion as those of eccentric sewing machine heiress, Mrs Daisy Alexander. She interited £stg.40,000 a year income from her father's £3stg. million holding in the sewing machine company. One of her main occupations in life was making and cancelling wills; but when she died early in the war, at the age of 80, the only will found was dated 1909 Her solicitors at once began a bizarre hunt for the wills they had helped her to draw up. A mine detector was used to search for metal boxes which it was thought might be hidden in the walls and floors of her home. They even hunted for Mrs. Alexander's pet parrot to see if it would talk. As at writing, there is no report of what the parrot said (if anything), but cynics are inclined to suggest that it was probably rude.

On March 16, 1949, Jack Wurm, of Palo Alto, California, picked up a bottle washed ashore on a San Francisco beach. Inside was a crumpled piece of paper with the words: "To avoid any confusion, I leave my entire estate to the lucky person who finds this bottle and to my attorney. Barry Cohen, share and share alike" It was signed by Mrs Alexander.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

RICHARD YAFFE

who are THE REAL SPIES?



The cloak-and-dagger days have waned; drab men at desks are the stars of espionage.

IF it's danger and excitement you are looking for, plus a bit of quick money and beautiful sloe-eyed dames, I would suggest that you don't go into the spy business. Throw away that cloak, sheath that dagger, put your E. Phillips Oppenheim and Eric Ambler books back on the night table, and listen:

The spy business isn't what it's cracked up to be.

True, there have been pumpkin papers, microfilmed secrets and Mata Haris, and there will continue to be. But if the well-organised world system of espionage—a game that is being played by every country, big and small—had to depend on treachery and theft, the spy business would soon be bankrupt, and it is far from that.

To-day's spies are economists, industrial experts and ordnance men, who operate in the open, in broad daylight and without any disguise.

There are few clandestine meetings with shady characters in out-of-the-way cafes behind drawn curtains. There don't have to be. And there are few "drops" where mail in cipher is deposited to be sent on for transmission to the home office. Again, there don't have to be, because there is always the diplomatic pouch which, so far, has been immune to search and seizure.

Once, just a short time ago, in a Balkan country where a national celebration was going on, an air attache of a Western embassy (not American) approached me casually on the correspondents' stand, offered me a cigarette and said, "Rather extraordinary country, what?"

I agreed. He then told me that he had covered it thoroughly, liked the people in it very much, and thought they were doing a good, fast job of reconstruction. This went on for about 15 minutes, adding little or nothing to my fund of information about the country. Then he started to question me. Whether I had had any tours, where I had gone, what I had seen, how coalmines and steel plants compared with those I knew in the States as to output and equipment, whether I had run into much criticism of the government and where particularly.

There was little I could tell him because I was new on this beat, but everything—no matter how little or how sketchy—was of interest to him. What I was experiencing, of course, was a modern spy at work—in full view of all the brass of the country he was "casing." The little information I might have given to him may have been worthless in itself, but added to bits of data he had gathered from dozens of other conversations like this probably gave him a clearer picture of conditions within the land.

The economist and industrial expert are the key men in espionage—"intelligence" is the preferred word nowadays—because the economy of a nation is the key both to its war potential and its designs. Here is about the way they work:

Take a country—any country. Let's call ours by the E. Phillips Oppenheim name of Ruritania. Ruritania is a satellite of some big power which, to the other big power in the world, represents the potential enemy.

Ruritania is full of embassies and legations, each there for a number of purposes, not the least of which is intelligence. Now, let us take a particular embassy. This has an ambassador, a number of top aides who are called counsellors and secretaries, and a staff of clerical help and servants. The counsellors and secretaries are chosen for their particular abilities—economics, ordnance, aviation, transportation, communications. Their job is to find out and report what is happening in Ruritania.

Their bits of information are put together and form the jigsaw puzzle of the nation they are studying. The economist and the other specialists are able to take their visual observations and sets of isolated figures which, taken alone, may be meaningless, but which, put together, can produce a picture of an industry and, through it, the economy of a nation.

Let me illustrate. Say that Ruritania is a big steel and coal producing country. These are the sinews of war, and figures on their production are sometimes as important as facts of some secret weapon. First of all, the foreign intelligence service in Ruritania finds out where these mines and mills are located. These would be prime targets for bombing planes.

Next, how much coal is being mined? The Ministry of Mining is chary about giving out these figures.

and when it does, intelligence men pay little attention to them, or read them with a practiced eye, adding so many tons here, subtracting so many tons there. The best way to find out the coal tonnage is to find out how many miners there are. That's easier. Trade union figures are generally accurate or, if these are not available, the population of the mining towns can be added. From the total figure, the economist will subtract the number of persons he considers necessary to man the town itself—the municipal government, the merchants and their help, the service trades, etc.—and the result will be a pretty good estimate of the actual number of persons who work in the pits.

To be worth his pay, our economist must be able to tell how much coal these miners can dig in a year, give or take a few hundred thousand tons, close enough for the information wanted. Statisticians then weigh his figures against the amount of mining machinery Ruritania is importing or making (these figures are usually available and accurate) and the condition of the mines. When they are through with it, Ruritania's coal mining is no longer so must as a secret.

That's the way it is with steel, too. And when you know a country's steel and coal resources, you pretty well known its whole capacity.

Espionage becomes more difficult in the realm of science and secret weapons. But even in this area, it is not necessary to get blueprints from traitors or fools. A mere glance at a new type of plane flying high above will tell an aviation expert that it is different. He will know why it is different, even though he can't tell you how the difference came about.

Weapons are top secret, of course, but not for long. Atomic energy bombs are a classic example of this. American scientists warned as soon as the first A-bomb was dropped on Hiroshima that it could not be kept a secret. In fact, but for a quirk of fate which led German scientists up a blind alley from which they could have returned except for Hitler's disbelief in atomic weapons, they may have beaten us to the A-bomb by some months.

Let us examine another field. Say, for example, that the nations to-day are searching for a new metal alloy which would withstand the heat of supersonic rocket missiles. Say, also, that one of the serious drawbacks to the use of these missiles is that such an alloy has not been found. It would be useful—nay, vital—for one nation to steal the formula or a bit of the metal itself if another nation were successful in developing it.

Attempts would be made to steal the metal and the formula, of course. Should this fail—and it fails more often than it succeeds—then scientific papers are scanned carefully, and every word that is written about the new metal is read avidly. No one article and no one paper in itself can or will give away the secret. But a word here and a word there, put together by an expert, give a vital clue, and the rival government's scientists are off on a new scent which, in time, will be successful.

The visual field is also not to be overlooked. The industrial expert in Ruritania, for example, can get a pretty good idea of the capacity of a smelter by riding past it in a train; the communications expert can tell fairly well how efficient or inefficient a country's communications are by a casual trip through a country even though he is accompanied by counter-espionage agents and a bevy of secret police.

Thus, there are few secrets to the expert in his own field, and practically none to the central intelligence office which co-ordinates the findings of its men everywhere.

Does this mean, then, that the day of the old-fashioned spy is gone, perhaps, forever? That there are no more Mata Haris?

Not at all. There are a number of people who are out to make a fast dollar or rouble wherever they can; from both sides, if possible. These are used, but what they offer is generally taken with a grain of salt. They may be what they say they are. On the other hand, they may be counter-spies.

In time of war the intelligence agent and counter-spy have to work in cloak-and-dagger fashion, as Allied agents worked for us during World War II. But generally, in peacetime, spying is a professian of professions, not for the amateur but for the economist, the industrialist and the linguist.

You can go back to your E. Phillips Oppenheim now.

BLOCKS

REGARDS WITH LITTLE INTEREST THE TOWER AUNT SUE HAS BUILT FOR HIM WITH HIS NEW BLOCKS

DEMOLISHES TOWER WITH ONE SWIPE

CRAWLS AFTER BLOCKS AND TRIES EATING ONE BUT DOESN'T LIKE IT

TRIES BUILDING WITH BLOCKS IN IMITATION OF AUNT SUE

IS DISTRACTED BY A BLOCK ON WHICH HE SEEMS TO BE SITTING

IN TRYING TO GET IT OUT FROM UNDER DISCOVERS THAT BLOCKS CAN BE KICKED

AUNT SUE DEMONSTRATES AGAIN HOW BLOCKS SHOULD REALLY BE PLAYED WITH

HOLDS OFF AS LONG AS HE CAN AND THEN DOES A THOROUGH JOB

INDICATES HE'S TIRED OF THE GAME BY TURNING HIS BACK AND SUCKING HIS THUMB

MILD BILL AND FATE



A rootin', tootin' son of a gun, they said; but his heart could be tender

J. W HEMING



JAMES BUTLER HICKOK leaned across the drink-scarred saloon table and poked a finger at Dave Tutt.

"I'll see you on the plaza in ten minutes," he said, coldly. "And come a-shootin'!"

Ten minutes later most of the townsfolk of Springfield, Missouri, had gathered in the doorways which fronted the town square. It was a hot July afternoon in 1865, and as the entertainment in the American West in those days somewhat lacked variety, being limited to drinking, gambling and women, there was always a good house for a free show.

The leading actors needed no introduction. James Butler Hickok was called Wild Bill, although his name wasn't Bill and he was not exactly Wild—not for those days. Except for his clothes, you could have called him Mild. He was good-looking, a fancy-dresser, and went for the ladies in a big way—mainly "sporting gals."

Born in a little village called Troygrove, Illinois, on May 27, 1837, he took to guns early and, even as a boy, was a crack shot with either rifle or sixgun.

At 18 he decided to go out and win his spurs—or perhaps he had run out of girls in Troygrove.

But there was no doubt about the time at 24 he tangled with the McCanles Gang at Rock Creek Station on July 12, 1861. Opinions differ as to exactly what happened, but this seems to have been the way of it.

David McCanles was the agent for the Overland Stage Company, for which Hickok worked as a teamster. McCanles had a gang of tough hombres, he also had a feud running with a man named Wellman. Hickok was on Wellman's side in the argument—perhaps because he just naturally didn't like his boss. He heard talk round the stables one day and slipped away. McCanles soon afterwards stalked into Wellman's office with a gun in his hand and homicide in his mind.

Hickok was biding behind a curtain; he loaded McCanles with lead. Two members of the gang, who had been left outside to guard the door, came rushing into the office and met a leaden screen which was too thick for them to penetrate. It penetrated them instead. The McCanles gang ceased to exist.

Hickok kept his guns warm from there on. During the Civil War he served with the Union Army as a sharpshooter, a scout and a spy. He was captured several times by the Southerners, who ordered out the firing party; but Hickok always managed to escape. After the war, he moved round the West, gambling for money to spend on the girls. He liked new places and new faces—especially feminine. And the girls liked him. He was six feet tall, with broad shoulders, slim waist, small hands and feet, he had golden brown silky hair which he parted in the middle and let curl on his shoulders; he wore a handlebar moustache and had docile blue-grey eyes.

Clothes? He was the bodgy boy of his time. He paid 50 dollars a pair for his kid or thinnest calfskin high-heeled boots, wore the finest linen white shirts, with stiff medium collars and white four-in-hand ties; his black Prince Albert coats were bordered with white braid, and he wore a wide-brimmed felt hat with a low crown, usually grey. His striped pants were the finest homespun.

But the most remarkable thing about his dress was that he never wore a holster. He carried two sixguns, tucked in the front of his belt, butts in for a cross-draw.

A girl who popped up several times in Hickok's career was a redhead of the bordellos named Susanna Moore. Whether she followed him or he followed her, history does not say. But she caused Hickok's challenge to Dave Tutt.

Hickok had been paying court to Dave's sister, Bella. Dave was a pimp for several sportin' gals. Then Susanna Moore arrived in town and Hickok dropped Bella and went back to his old love. Dave didn't care what happened to his sister; but as soon as he saw Susanna, he made up his mind what was going to happen to her.

Hickok's ideas didn't coincide with Dave's. One summer afternoon he walked into the saloon where Dave sat at a table with Susanna—and handed out his challenge to the duel which introduced this story.

Springfield was a noisy frontier town, but there was perfect silence in the plaza as soon as Tutt showed at one corner and stepped to the back of a waggon.

ANIMAL ANTICS (XII)

Millicent the Magpie is a very flighty wench;
her socialite abandon makes sedater sisters blench;
she flitters gaily here and there from break of day to night,
and they say . she's always fresh for fun when the sun
is out of sight,
her neighbours hint morosely of the dark rings round her eyes
and view her feckless goings-on with censorious surmise;
but they stifle spurts of envy and pretend to boredly yawn
when they wake and find she's still around and chattering in
the dawn

JAY-PAY

Hickok showed up, right on time, at the oppposite corner He had Susanna on his arm He placed her in a doorway for safety

Tutt stepped out from behind the waggon and began to walk diagonally across the square towards Hickok, his gun in his hand. Hickok walked towards Tutt, his hands empty until the two men were about a hundred yards apart Then Hickok, still walking steadily, drew a gun almost casually.

Tutt halted, brought up his forty-five, and fired A window splintered behind Hickok, who continued to advance Tutt must have been scared stiff by Hickok's coolness or reputation He fired again—and again. Hickok still came on steadily. When they were 75 yards apart, he stopped, rested his gun on his bent left wrist, took careful aim and drilled a neat hole in Tutt's heart! It was nice shooting . . . even for those uninhibited days when target-practice was as regular as dinner.

He was marshal of Fort Riley, Kansas, in 1866, when it was a hot little town He served as a scout with Generals Custer, Hancock and Sheridan in Indian wars. He was marshal in various wild towns, the wildest of which was Abilene, Kansas.

When Hickok arrived in Abilene, the marshal was Big Tom Smith, a man who never carried a gun. When a man had stepped over the traces, Tom just knocked him cold, draped him over a hip and carried him to the hoosegow! But one day he turned his back at the wrong time and got it perforated with lead. Mild Bill stepped into the vacancy

He had Susanna Moore with him in Abilene, but he dropped her for a lovely widow named Lake A gambler named Coe was also making calf's eyes at the widow. Phil was as good-looking as Bill, but had no speed with a gun One night Coe went on a drunken rampage with some cowboys, came riding back into town boisterously and fired at a dog.

Hickok was in the saloon where Coe dismounted. He heard the shot and ran out, his gun in his hand. Coe, pretty drunk, called that he had just shot at a dog and raised his gun, perhaps to demonstrate That was a suicidal thing to do with a man with such fine nerves as Hickok He shot Coe dead. Bill's best friend, Mike Williams, was in the saloon He heard the shot and rushed out to help Hickok Bill heard the door open behind him, twisted like a flash and killed his mate

That seemed to sicken Hickok of killing. He joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and toured with it for a couple of years. He met a lot of new girls. But he tired of that life, went back to Abilene, married Mrs Lake, and settled down for a few years.

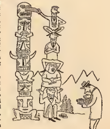
Then the old adventure bug got under his skin again. Or perhaps it was the ex-widow Whatever it was, he made a move He had heard that Deadwood, Dakota Territory, was now the wildest spot on the Western map; he went there to gamble A lot of bad men had also gone there, many of them enemies he had made with his women-chasing and his shooting iron.

On August 2, 1876, Bill broke a rule he had never broken before He sat down to play poker with his back away from a wall He wanted to change seats, but his friends—if all of them were his friends—laughed him down Bill started to play and, after a few minutes, glanced nervously over his shoulder at a man standing behind him The man was drunk Hickok remarked that he had never let a man stand behind him before, his fellow-players laughed and said it was only Jack McCall, the town bum Hickok shrugged and decided to take a chance. McCall promptly took a chance also He took a gun from under his coat and put a slug into Hickok's back—and his heart.

McCall had never possessed so expensive a thing as a gun before Somehow, he had one when he needed it Perhaps some of Bill's enemies had got him, by proxy, at last!

Scared at what he had done, McCall turned to the room and worked his trigger. The gun held six slugs. All were duds except the one which killed Hickok! McCall was mowed down A dead man tells no tales!

The cards Hickok held as he fell were aces and eights, which combination has ever since been called the "Dead Man's Hand."



Pugnacious Miss Poker Face

Her expression didn't show it, but inside she was flaring with fight.



FRANK BROWNE

FOR seven years, Mrs. Molla Mallory dominated American women's tennis. This Norwegian-born girl played a fierce hitting game that came closer to the men's style than any of her contemporaries'.

That's why one day in the late summer of 1923, the ten thousand spectators sitting around the newly-built Forest Hills stadium were amazed to see a seventeen-year-old Californian miss fairly blasting the champ off the court. Helen Wills, the new Champion, was to become, like Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth and Bill Tilden, a sort of American institution . . . a monument, so to speak.

But unlike them, her reputation was built entirely on her sporting ability. They had colour and glamour, no matter whether they were dealing with opponents or merely lighting a cigarette. The girl had no more glamour than an adding machine—and made very nearly as few mistakes. She won without a smile, gave no quarter and asked for none. She never gave any sign that she cared a hoot about the plaudits of the crowd, or that winning meant anything to her.

Only once in her entire career in Tennis—a sport that has always pandered to temperament—did she do anything that was unorthodox.

Born in 1906, the year of the Frisco earthquake, Helen Wills was the daughter of a doctor, who was no great shakes at tennis himself, but was determined that if coaching and careful attention to building physique and stamina could make his kid a champ, then a champ she should be.

At twelve, Helen, a serious-faced child, big for her age, was quite capable of giving almost any girl in America a good game.

The next five years, culminating in the National Championship victory at Forest Hills, saw her develop physically into a robust girl, with legs and arms too massive for beauty, and a face that might have been beautiful had it shown any sign of expression. "Little Miss Poker Face," they called her, and the nickname stuck.

From a tennis viewpoint, her game was built on rigid adherence to the copy book. There was nothing versatile about her, and she was by no means the most brilliant stroke player of her day. But playing against her was like playing a brick wall.

Typical of her game was her 1928 American Championship win against Helen Hull. An analysis of the match, which Wills won 6-2, 6-1, showed that her opponent earned more points than the Champion. But she lost on errors, errors made trying to break through the rocklike defence of the Californian.

In 1924, Helen Wills came to Wimbledon, and the denizens of the Centre Court wondered what had hit them.

She walked onto the court, her eyes hidden beneath the eyeshade that she had worn from the time she started playing. She uttered not a word, nor even bothered looking at her opponent until play was called.

Then she proceeded to demolish the unfortunate lass at the other end. When the carnage was over, she collected her sweater from where it hung on the umpire's stand, and walked off. Her handshake as the defeated girl offered her hand was as cold as an Eskimo's nose.

That first year, she breezed straight through the Wimbledon rounds like a wolf amongst chickens. In the final, she bumped Kitty McKane. Kitty was a good player, but no Suzanne Lenglen.

What McKane had was guts and imagination. She refused to be intimidated, joined the ranks of the giant killers, and ran out a winner.

Miss Wills went her way.

In three months' time she smashed her way to an Olympic Tennis win, at Paris, the only time that Tennis had been included on the Games programme.

It was three years before she was able to win her first Wimbledon title, appendicitis keeping her out for a season.

In the meantime, Suzanne Lenglen had retired. They had met only once, in an exhibition on the Riviera, and Lenglen had won. Arguments about the relative ability of the two players have been waged for twenty-five years.

From 1927, for seven years, it was a waste of time playing the Wimbledon's women's singles. Not only did the American girl win them, but nobody took a set off her, or even looked like taking a set.

As often happens, these years saw the emergence of an unlucky player. This was Helen Jacobs. This girl, who hailed from Arizona, was two years younger than Helen Wills. From 1928 onwards, she played a sort of

Three Toasts For Cynics:—

● For Coming-Out Parties: "Here's to woman She requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself." ● For Legal Functions: "Here's to the Bench and the Bar If it wasn't for the Bar, there'd be little use for the Bench." ● For An Author's Dinner: "Here's the author's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jests."

perennial second fiddle She was runner-up at Wimbledon in 1929, '32, '34, '35. Undoubtedly the second best player in the world, in the years of the Wills domination, she was robbed of even the glamour of winning her National Championships, unless of course, Helen Wills didn't enter, which happened on three occasions.

It took Helen Jacobs a long time to get her revenge on Helen Wills and when that opportunity did come, it was in one of the most talked about tennis matches of all time.

This was the National Championship of 1933. The first set was a thriller. Finally, Helen Jacobs broke through, and won it 8-6.

The second set saw the well-known wrecking technique go into action, and the Californian girl won at 6-3.

The third set opened Helen Jacobs, repeating her first-set tactics, ran to a 3-0 lead, with her own service coming up.

As she turned to serve, she nearly dropped with astonishment. Wills had walked over to the umpire and had picked up her sweater. She was walking off!

"My leg hurts, I can't go on," was her only explanation.

For a moment or two, the crowd was thunderstruck. Then pandemonium broke loose There were boos for Wills and cheers for Jacobs.

There was a near-riot when it was announced that Miss Wills was going to play in the doubles final.

This convinced most people that her walk-off had been merely the act of a bad sport.

If the uproar, which went on in the Press for months, upset Helen Wills, she gave no sign of it. She showed the same contempt for what other people did or thought that she had always shown.

By 1934 it was all forgotten. The name of Wills had gone into tennis history The new Champion, that charming girl, Helen Jacobs, was popular, and it became the fashion to say that probably Helen Jacobs had developed into a better tennis player than Poker Face had ever been, anyway.

In 1935 there was a bombshell. Helen Wills had entered for Wimbledon. She was making a comeback!

In the meantime of course, everybody had forgotten just how good she had been.

They were not allowed to forget it much longer She went through the Wimbledon preliminary rounds with the loss of only one set

Then, she faced Helen Jacobs in the final.

Hitting with a wonderful length, and with speed as great as she had ever mustered, the ex-Champion won the first set at 6-3

Helen Jacobs won the second easily, 6-3

Third set had everybody on their toes.

Playing beautifully. Helen Jacobs went to a 4-2 lead. The poker face at the other end didn't register, nor did anything happen when the lead became 5-3.

In the next game, Helen Jacobs ran to 30-15 on her own service. Match point! If ever Wills was going to show the white feather, this was the time!

But she didn't. She made it 5-5, and then went on to win the set and the title, 7-5. It was a great comeback.

Three years later, in 1938, after playing very little in the meantime, the 32-year-old Champion came back to Wimbledon.

In the warm-up for the Championships, she had been beaten twice by the one girl. Fraulein Hilde Sperling. This girl, who played a terrifically unorthodox game, seemed to have the measure of the unimaginative American.

They met in the fourth round of the Wimbledon title.

The first set lasted a terrific time. Twice, Sperling had set-point, but always the other girl staved off defeat. Finally she won herself the set 7-5.

The second set was just as hard fought. Helen Wills eventually won it, and the match 6-4.

The match had lasted no less than two hours, a record for women's tennis.

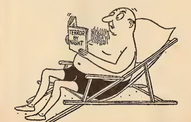
The final, almost inevitably, was against Helen Jacobs. The first set was a hard-fought battle Slower and less daring that she had been in her younger days, Helen Wills wore her opponent down to take the first set.

In the second set, Helen Wills jerred her Achilles tendon She began to limp in the first few seconds. She was invited and urged to retire. She refused.

And Helen Wills went on to win her last Wimbledon title.

She played no more big tennis after that

She was a sporting phenomenon. The crowd respected her ability but never felt that they knew her. She never concealed the fact that this was exactly as she wanted it



THE END OF Arguments

Can a camel go for weeks without water?

Hesitate . . hesitate, please! The camel is a vastly over-estimated animal. Experts have assessed that three or four days is the most the beast can last without a drink (and that under only favourable conditions). The camel was originally thought to store water in its hump and, more recently, in pouches of its stomach. Both beliefs have an element of truth and both are, to an extent, fallacious. The hump is of solid fat and, on drawing on the fat, the beast also draws water Water stored in pouches of the stomach rarely exceeds a gallon. One expert, Leich, considers that the pouches merely serve to moisten food during digestion and that the water is drawn from general circulation.

Can some blind people instantly regain full sight?

Extremely doubtful. And it depends a lot on what you mean by "seeing." Stories of those born blind who have instantly regained their sight (either by surgery, suggestion or downright magic), usually betray ignorance of the fact that "seeing" in the higher animals is an acquired skill. Experiments on chimpanzees (which had been reared from birth to the age of 16 months in total darkness) showed that sight was at first meaningless It took the apes weeks even to learn to reach for food which they would seize eagerly when touched against them Mr. Carl A. Klein, who lost his sight in 1946 and regained it suddenly in 1949, states that he found it necessary to re-educate himself gradually in the art of "seeing."

How long do you sleep at night?

If you're an average person, you're normally asleep about 15 minutes after touching the pillow If you're thin, nine hours sleep is what you need; if fat, you can get along on seven. Experts claim that the average person can get along without sleep for only 84 hours before nature takes its rightful course. During sleep, you change positions about 35 times.

How did the common signs in arithmetic begin?

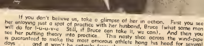
The common signs in arithmetic resulted from efforts to save time. For instance, the Latin "minus" was for speed written "m--n--s," with a little line over the top to show what had been omitted. Then the letters were also omitted, leaving the familiar sign "—". A Welshman at Oxford is said to have used two small lines of equal length as a substitute for "equal to" ("="). The Arabs invented the multiplication and division signs. They turned the "plus" ("+") sideways ("X"), as they regarded multiplication as a quick means of adding up.

Punch Packing Pretty

'Ware, you wolves! . . . There's a red light burning . . so stand back . . . She's Barbara of Ciro's nightery . . . but, demure as she looks, she knows all the answers to all the questions . . . Just try her and see







If you don't believe us, take a glimpse of her in action. First you see her enjoying just a spot of practice with her husband, Bruce (what some men will do for l-u-u-v-e Still, if Bruce can take it, we can). And then you see her putting theory into practice This nasty slice across the wind-pipe is guaranteed to make the most amorous athlete hang his head for several days and it won't be entirely from shame, either







And Barbara isn't the type who is always round your neck It you object to her type of necking, she can provide other samples This wrist-lock-cum-half-nelson is, at worst, liable to crack your arm in at least three places or, at best, leave you muscle-bound for several frustrated weeks. Which probably explains that while Barbara never lacks admirers, most of them are content to admire from afar Tamara Andreeva was the daring camera addict who braved the mayhem



When a mouse marries a tigress, there's sure to be trouble if the mouse asserts itself.

WALKER HENRY

UNDOUBTEDLY King Henry II of England should never have been such a fool as to marry Eleanor of Aquitaine; but it can only have been sheer idiocy that inspired him to believe that, when he had, he could cherish a mistress as well.

Queen Eleanor was distinctly not a woman to be trifled with.

The daughter of William V, Duke of Aquitaine, she came of a stock noted for its unhibited delight in the shedding of human gore. This unpleasing family trait was, in Eleanor, only thinly disguised by "a face of beautie raire" and a fine figure.

But Eleanor was born in a robust age; despite a reputation which today would have repulsed most wolves, she did not lack for wooers.

As a matter of fact, she even managed to wed Louis the Fat, heir to the throne of France.

When the old King died and Louis, panted asthmatically to the throne, the new Queen found she had ample scope for family hobbies. Promptly declaring war on the Count of Champagne, she burnt the Cathedral of Vitry to the ground—together with thirteen hundred people.

Noting his wife's character, Louis wasted no time, and departed on a Crusade. Briskly, Eleanor followed him, and took complete command of the French army. Nett result: Seven thousand French knights were massacred by the Saracens.

Louis displayed unexpected good sense by immediately putting the Mediterranean between himself and his spouse and winning a divorce.

It was here that Henry appeared. How such an insipid character could have found the strength to woo Eleanor is beyond imagination. At all events, she married him.

He had already provided Eleanor (or Eleanor provided him) with several children when the strain began to tell. Henry commenced to yearn for a less nerve-racking play-fellow.

He found her in Rosamond, a peaches-and-cream blonde, who was the second daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford. Her contemporaries called her "the Faire"; and she seems to have been as insipid as Henry himself. In fact, a dumb blonde.

Yet, by some unfathomable stroke of good luck, their somewhat mousey affaire prospered. Rosamond had actually borne two children before Eleanor had even the glimmer of a suspicion that her husband was treading the tiles.

One day however, the keen-eyed Queen Eleanor watched her husband strolling nonchalantly in the garden of Woodstock Palace. Bright gold spurs glittered on his heels; and from one spur stretched a thread of silk.

"Ah-ha!" deduced Eleanor, a woman of no illusions, and inconspicuously set herself to trace the skein to its source. The thread led Eleanor into a thicket in the middle of the Park. There the lady was agog to discover a ball of silk, jerkily unrolling itself . . . under the tugging of a spur, perhaps?

Still, she refused to be hurried. The mystery was not yet solved.

Henry . . . being Henry . . . instantly gave her a chance. He left Woodstock for a long journey. He was barely out of sight before Eleanor was searching the thicket again. Suddenly, she almost collided with a low door, hidden in shrubbery. Opening it, she found herself in a dark, narrow tunnel; squirming through, she stepped into an exquisite bower of flowers, sheltering—no, don't guess; you were right the first time — Rosamond.

What happened next may best be imagined. If you desire the whole details, you should consult "The French Chronicle of London." Most of them are not only too obscene to be printable but also too nauseating to be placidly read. Among other things, Eleanor had Rosamond stripped and toasted between two fires; after which she was placed in a cold bath and flogged to tatters by "an olde hag." More grotesque enormities ended in her death.

When Henry heard the news, he out-wormed all worms. He tottered back into Eleanor's bed.

He remained there long enough to assist her in bearing eight children; to see his sons grow to manhood; and then to have them—with the open approval of their mother—revolt against him.

He cast one fleeting glimpse at Eleanor, plaintively muttered: "I no longer care for myself or the world," turned his face to the wall and died.

Eleanor passed in an odour of respectability. The date was June 26, 1202.

Crime Capsules

HOME . . . WELL, HOME?: Apropos (or something) to the Sydneyside citizen who is alleged to have spent five Christmas Days in the cells (with a promise to make it six next December), may we present Val Preston, of Illinois (U.S.)? At writing, he is still pleading in vain with a Warden to extend his six-months sentence. Preston claims that he needs extra classes to complete his theology course. Then there are bitter complaints from officials of a Salt Lake City Prison. They're hurt because L. Wintera (a forger with an obvious one-track mind) whiled away his year in chokey by printing bogus cheques in the calaboose's printing-shop.

RED-HOT MAMA: Charles Pollock of Chicago caught 125-lb. Miss Susy Lanks in his hotel bedroom, grabbing his wallet. Mr. Pollock grabbed Miss Lanks Miss Lanks coyly repulsed him with a straight-left and a rabbit-killer. Two of Mr. Pollock's friends rushed to his aid. Miss Lanks aimed several dismaying swipes with a razor. The representatives of the frustrated Stronger Sex retired warily and phoned the constabulary. Three stalwart gendarmes were mauled into semi - hospitalisation before Miss Lanks consented to be handcuffed and led away.

THE WHEN OF IT: After a close study of crime statistics, Dr. Hans Von Hentig, of Yale University, reached some conclusions: (1) 45 per cent. of all homicides occur between 6 p.m. and midnight, (2) most burglars are arrested between 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock in the morning; (3) the next greatest number of arrests occur in the following two-hour period, (4) first-born children have a higher rate of criminal tendencies than their younger brothers and sisters . . . you lucky seventh child of a seventh child.

THE TEETH OF DEATH: Toxicologists (experts on poison), when they are called in on a case, naturally expect to find poison. However, other things sometimes turn up as well. One morning a London businessman was found in his bed. "Suicide" was his doctor's opinion. The businessman seemed to have imbibed a dose of the deadly poison, "wolfsbane." Unfortunately, a life insurance company became suspicious. Toxicologists went to work. They found not only wolfsbane in the dead man's stomach but also tiny fragments of dental wax. They examined the corpse's teeth. One of the molars had a large cavity in which was both wolfsbane and dentel wax. Verdict Murder By Dentistry.



NO TIME FOR TEARS

CARLYLE BRIGGS

• FICTION

THE KID WAS TOO SMOOTH. HE WAS ASKING FOR THE TROUBLE HE FOUND

HANK and I were shaking her's dice to see who'd buy the next round, when this little guy came in. I wouldn't have paid any attention, except that the man struck me as being too typical of an obnoxious type. It was all there. The short stature. The flashy pin-stripe suit, with the massive shoulders and drape cut. The too black, and too shiny, and too curly hair that formed a wall-trained duck's tail on the back of his neck. The manicured nails. The hand-painted tie. The sharply-pointed, black, patent-leather shoes. The precisely cut moustache, making a dark line along his upper lip. And finally his black eyes that watered too much. He made me nervously alert the minute he came in.

The girl on his arm was inconspicuous in comparison. She was exactly as tall as he, but her whole manner, her whole being was quieter, cleaner . . . reserved. She didn't belong with him. I knew it, and as I watched them I felt that she knew it too. She listened intently when he spoke to her, but as soon as he looked away, her eyes were no longer on him. She might as well have been a thousand miles away. Her dress was too tight. She was wearing black hose, and there was a tiny golden chain around one ankle . . .

I hated his guts. I hated him because of her. He was foul. He was rotten. I hated his . . .

She looked at me then. And I looked at her. I couldn't look away. Nor did she. Her eyes were large, and luminously dark. Her face was a mask of impassivity. She was looking at me. She was drawing me to her . . . closer and closer. Neither of us had moved, yet we had met, there in the smoky atmosphere midway between us . . .

Dan's Ron-Day-Voo is a one-man enterprise owned and operated by





The punk screamed once, his arm and the bottle poised paralysed

Dan himself. That's Dan Marble. He earns every penny he makes out of his little business by working fourteen hours a day.

Sitting on the other side of Hank was old Abner Hoskins. Abner actually was Brigadier General Abner Lea Hoskins, Retired. He was about 70 years young, and had the thin, wiry, whiplash body of an old cavalry man. His beard was rather sparse, but thick enough to give him an air and the bearing of an officer and gentleman,

HOME THOUGHTS FROM NEXT DOOR

Tinkle, tinkle, little brat .
I don't wonder what you're at
such hideously raucous noise
can only come from girls and boys
whom parents beg in prideful manner
to "practise scales on the planner"

JAY-PAY

vintage of General Cluster and Buffalo Bill Cody. Of course, he is still remembered to-day, but his public consists largely of the inhabitants of Dan's Ron-Day-Voo.

I pushed the dice away with my arm, and paid for the drinks that Dan set in front of us. I sipped numbly at my highball. Then I heard the young guy's voice. . .

"Listen, you old sunuvabitch. You spilled my drink. I don't like guy's spillin' my drinks, see?"

"All right, son. I'll buy you another one."

That was old Abner Hoskins' voice. I guess he must have hit the kid's drink accidentally, and knocked it off the bar . . . but couldn't he see that old Abner was . . .

"You damn right you buy me another one I don't like guys spillin' my drinks Take off them dark glasses and maybe you could see what the hell you were doin'." Then to the girl he said, "Drink up, baby. Old whiskers here is buyin' us a drink."

She looked at the punk kind of strangely. I thought she was going to say something, but she only shrugged resignedly, and finished her drink As she tilted her glass up, she again looked directly at me. There was nothing warm, nor inviting, nor promising in that look. Don't get the wrong idea She was telling me her story . . . and I understood . . . perfectly She knew that I understood about her. She looked away.

"That's the trouble with old duffers like you. You think you own the world. Well, you don't, see?"

"You shouldn't talk that way, son I—"

"Ahh, shut up!"

Abner remained motionless, slightly hunched over the bar.

The girl glanced nervously at him from time to time, but made no move to restrain him Her fists were clenched, her knuckles white. She looked down at her hands.

I probably would have gotten up and walked out, if it weren't for her sitting there

Evidently Abner had had enough. The oldtimer rose slowly from the stool, not even bothering to finish his glass of beer. I guess Abner had kind of lost his taste for beer right then As he stepped down from the stool, he must have accidentally put his foot down on the edge on the young kid's shoe.

"Goddam you, you old sunavabitch! I told you to be careful"

The kid swung around quickly, arm extended, and caught Abner back-handed flush on the mouth. Abner fell back over his stool, blood spurting from his smashed lip, and would have crashed to the floor, had he not caught himself by one hand on the edge of the bar With his free hand he automatically groped for his cane, which had been down

underneath his stool, hooked over the top rung. The kid's eyes showed life then. Sparkling, exhilarated In a split second he had grabbed the empty beer bottle that was standing beside the old man's glass He grabbed it by the neck . . the dirty end

"Now you old duffer, you been askin' for it. . . ."

He raised the bottle, and took one step, leaning down toward Abner. His eyes were suddenly red in the corners, and his face held a look of maddened, joyful anticipation It was written all over his face This was his moment . . . his climax.

Once again I felt her eyes upon me. I looked at her. They were large eyes. But cool, purposeful She had edged away a little from the action, but her eyes and her attention, all of it, were on me. She was drawing me to her again. . . .

Just at the moment when the young punk stepped forward for the kill, his arm beginning the downward arc, the deadly beer bottle clutched murderously, old Abner shifted his body a little, and brought one hand up slightly from beneath him. Then I noticed his cane. A cane that had a sharply pointed steel tapper on the end of it. And Abner's cane was white It was white until the swordlike tip burried itself into his attacker's pin-stripe groin, a perfect sabre thrust. When the cane came out again, it was red. The punk screamed once. His arm and the poised bottle froze in the middle of the swing He seemed to scan a few of the motionless faces in front of him, then he fell slowly away from the bar, and slumped to the floor, his arms folded across his belly, like a small boy who has eaten too many green apples. Before anyone could run to help, the old man stood up, straight and erect.

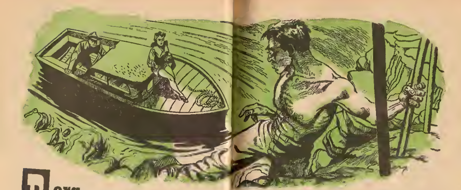
Brigadier-General Abner Lee Hoskins straightened his coat. He straightened his tie. He straightened his smoked glasses, over their sightless eyes. Then turning to the door, he squared his shoulders, and with back rigid and head high, strode out with the manner and the dignity that befits a gentleman and an officer. The old general, with a thrust of his sabre, had once again vanquished an enemy

The sound of Dan's voice shouting into the phone seemed to break the mass hypnotic spell that gripped the crowd. Quickly, I glanced at the spot where the girl had been standing I felt a tug at my sleeve, and looked down. She was there beside me, looking up at me with the same big eyes, the same look And there were no tears in her eyes . . . no tears. There was something else now, though . . . something new. Looking deeply into her eyes right at that moment, was seeing into her mind And there was a softness there. Like a warm mist that reached out and enveloped me, and drew me closer . . . ever closer . . . to her.

Dan's place was a bedlam now Someone stepped forward and bent over the boy. It was too late The kid was dead. He was dead, and she was suddenly alive.

We were nearly to the door, walking quickly, quietly, with identical purpose.

The door swung out under the pressure of my hand, and suddenly the light and the smoke and the deafening turmoil of that milling mass of humanity that was Dan's Ron-Day-Voo was gone, left behind us As the cool, quiet gusts of fog swirled up around us, she gripped my arm a little tighter . . . then tighter still. And as we strolled slowly into the good grey night together, I felt a great shudder, like a tremendous sigh, pass through her body, and she buried her face against my shoulder



With his useless limb dangling, he felt cautiously about him for a good toe-hold.

Dora was a sportsman

She was always game to gamble; she'd even bet on two flies crawling down a window; she was betting on Paddy now.

BIM ARNOLD

• FICTION

PADDY returned to consciousness as the light from the tiny barred opening in the opposite wall smote him across the eyes. His head was enlarged and all of it was on fire. His face was stiff and he felt blood in his mouth. But all this nothing compared to the ache that tore at his left knee.

Paddy the Thinker they called him

Well he'd better get to thinking how he got into this mess, and how he was going to get out of it.

Double-crossed. That was it. There was no slip up with the job. He wasn't called the Thinker for nothing. His jobs were well planned, well timed, all hunkey dory. No slip-ups possible. He'd done the job, got the swag and was on his way when it happened.

It happened at 12.15 a.m., when he had stopped the car at Pope's Corner to get the "go ahead" from Dora. Even as the light flicked out the signal from the top window, the crash had come From behind, of course.

Had Dora seen? Dora was clever. She helped him plan the jobs; she took care of the swags. He trusted Dora and asked no questions Well, could she get him out of this little lot?

God! What a place. Paddy felt like a grub in a nut. It was all a hard kernel of stone, wet and thick. No opening, except the barred hole in the wall opposite, was apparent. How did he get here? How would he get out? He'd have to get out, of course He wasn't going to die like a worm in a hole. He'd get out just

THE height of the average man is now 5 ft. 10 ins., it has been ascertained in the different regions of the earth. Anthropologists claim that this is the height attained by various human groups back through the centuries. The ancient Egyptians and Greeks, the Romans, and the early Indians of South-west America all achieved this stature at the zenith of their glory . . . and then declined. The scientists also add that people in warm climates are dying at a faster rate than those in cold climates . . . they are less resistant to infections. On the other hand, those tropical inhabitants who survive show less evidence of ageing bodily.

to get even with the swine who stalked him, swiped him and flung him here. They sure had flung him hard to crack that left leg useless.

Paddy cursed again.

He'd better take a gander out that window. The sea wasn't far off. He could hear it lash and snarl as it thumped down on rocks. Paddy guessed he was in a cave. What chance had Dora of finding him here?

Unless, of course, she knew who put him here. Dora knew all the mob, but they wouldn't get a word out of her about his plans. Their plans. They worked solitary, he and Dora. There were those who were jealous of their success. Fourteen big jobs and not a slip-up. And they had more plans to fulfill—a trip to Monte Carlo when the swag was full—for Dora's benefit.

Dora loved a gamble. She was a real sportsman; the crowd all said so. Dora would bet on anything. She was a tiger for it but she took the losses along with the wins and hardly moved a muscle of her frozen face while the bet was on. She'd lay a fiver on tomorrow's weather with Jimmy Lean or they'd have a side bet on a race while they were betting, plus side-bets on a poker game.

Paddy didn't gamble. He was a Thinker. Paddy made plans. None of them included Jimmy Lean. Dora like him because he was a sportsman, too. But Paddy was the boss in his own home and it was "out" for Jimmy months ago.

Dora hadn't cared. Paddy kept her busy with planning. And she always worked the signals. He timed his jobs to the minute and Dora gave the cues.

A man couldn't go on without a bit of bad luck. His had come.

Paddy eased himself off the bags and worked his way across the rough floor. It hurt like hell, but his thoughts were tongues of fire stinging him on. He had to know what rat had got him into this and he'd never find out by lying on a heap of stinking bags dying of fever. With sweat stinging his eyes he reached the opposite wall and groped upwards until he grasped one bar of the little opening in each fist.

Suddenly Paddy fell backwards with a dull thud that sent a sour sickness into his mouth and a searing agony from left toe to left hip. He lay quite still.

The sun had moved on when he awoke again. Immediately Paddy was conscious that in each hand he held a bar from his prison window. Bits of loose stone and powdered iron were fresh across the floor.

Paddy grinned as he edged towards the opening again.

It was night now. Outside the sky was low and dark. Paddy looked down from the window.

Hell! Forty feet of rock face. From below spray whipped up as each wave smacked against the cliff. White water thundered hollowly under the jutting rock, under the little stone prison that was wrapped around Paddy the Thinker.

"They needn't have bothered about the bars anyway," he muttered. As the noise of his own voice crept through the gloom, the only human sound, Paddy screamed out and flung himself back against the wet slime of the floor, sobbing.

A faint moon rose and low clouds blew across its path. Paddy was thinking, silent again.

The Thinker thought of something new. All he'd have to do would be to lower himself out of the window hole and maybe he could reach the roof of this place he was in. Maybe it was the top of the cliff.

After all, it had been done before. It couldn't be much if Jimmy the Cat could swing out of those last-floor-up flats like a lizard on a drain-pipe. The Thinker knew that thoughts could be put into deeds. Never before had he had the need to doubt whether he was capable of performing those deeds. Surely this couldn't be the one time where he would fail.

He tried to move and groaned. Could he or couldn't he? If it weren't for that leg . . . ! Still, nobody ever did anything if he didn't try for it first.

The Thinker bit the bitter pain back from his lips and began to move . . . slowly . . . cautiously . . . panting in deep gasps at every move . . . but always drawing closer to his goal. He had to make it.

Grinding his jaws, Paddy edged himself to the hole in the wall and looked out and up.

God in Heaven! God!

Above him the cliff face gleamed silver as the moonlight struck its glossy surface. No one could climb that. No one.

The Thinker thought once more.

He must be in a cave cut in the stone. If he searched the floor, there must be a way out. There was a way in, wasn't there? There had to be a way out.

Then he saw the flash. The clear flash of a torch from below. As tense as a Pointer he watched.

The signal! Dora was down there, right down among those rocks. Dora!

His eyes never moved from the round white beam of light. Yes, there it was again. The "go ahead" signal known only to Dora and himself. His Dora. Somehow she'd found out where he had been taken and she'd come. "God bless you, Dora. What a mate! You wouldn't let a man die like a louse. My old sorrow-and-strife, my pal, my Dora."

Paddy's teeth clappered with excitement, his wrists were too limp to cling to the rock any more. His one strong knee sagged; he slipped again to the floor.

The floor! There must be a loose rock somewhere leading to steps. He clawed like a searching fowl. He babbled and winced in a delirium of joy and pain.

There was no loose rock.

Time was slipping on. Soon there would be no cloaking darkness. He must go to the window again. Would Dora be there below?

The beam of light shone on the little window again and illuminated Paddy's stark face.

She was still there. The light moved downwards from Paddy's face, then stopped. His eyes followed it.

A foothold. Down the light travelled again. Another foothold. On again the beam travelled revealing the row of grips and holds down the sheer face of the cliff.

It might have been the remains of a rust-decayed fire-escape. Well, he'd climbed fire-escapes before . . . and he would again . . . if he could manage this one.

And why shouldn't he, the Thinker thought to himself? There seemed to be a tiny voice whispering in the back of his mind, "Gawd, y'fool . . . you bloody fool . . . there's nothing to it . . . it's kid-stakes . . . less than kid-stakes to a bloke like you."

He leaned towards it . . . and a wrench of his knee stabbed him with a slash of pain that silenced the little voice inside him. Yeah, it was easy . . . damned easy . . . except . . . oh, the hell with it . . . why of all the goddamned mad accidents of the world had it to be his knee. That's what would make it hard . . . perhaps too hard.

But Dora was asking him to do it . . . she was down there . . . his Dora . . . always the sport . . . never a one to leave a pal like a rat in a trap. She'd come out of her way to find him . . . to help him. Gawd knew what she hadn't done to get herself down there . . . not that she would worry about that . . . it was Dora's way . . . it was part of what made Dora the sportsman they all admitted she was . . . and she had come to help him. She was trying to show him his path. She was telling him what to do.

So that was what he had to do. Slowly he eased himself back onto the floor. How could Dora know about his leg? The leg that hung loose from the knee? How could she know that his head swam and throbbed and blood caked his face?

There was no way of telling Dora these things. She had come to rescue him. What had she done to get down there to the foot of those cliffs? Dora with her slim brown ankles and her soft thighs.

He'd give it a go. Better to die smashed to nothing at Dora's feet than to rot away in a cave.

Yes, he'd give it a go. For Dora's sake. A true sportsman, Dora, risking her life to give him a chance. His Dora knew the way.

The Thinker began to think the thing out. Make a tight bandage around the bad knee with his shirt. Chuck away all the other clothes except trousers. His toes must be free—the ones he could use anyway—a few scratches would be better than being strung up by a singlet.

Well, this is it, Dora. This is it.

Paddy the Thinker launched himself painfully up through the little window lifting his useless limb with both hands as he sat on its wide stone ledge. The white light of the torch flashed from him to the first ledge. About him was the vast black space of night, terrible and noisy with the roar of sea on rock. Paddy faced inwards to the shiny rock and let his legs hang down until he felt the toe hold.

Then, freeing one hand, he slid it to the first iron grip. What if it should be rotten as the window bars? Mustn't think, mustn't think. Paddy mustn't be a Thinker any more.

Yes, think of Dora. Think of the night he met her at "The Jug"—









ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

BECAUSE THE VERSE, AT LEAST, IS FREE

When a woman buys a new dress,
she has a reason why . . .
Because her spouse refuses;
Because it slims her down,
Because it comes from Paris;
Because from a bazaar,
Because the style is popular;
Because the style's so rare;
But mostly just BECAUSE

ANON

she was dancing, swishing a red skirt, eyeing him. She was his woman right away.

Another rung. Light on the next foothold.

She was clever, his Dora. Not many dames clever and beautiful. He could wind her blue black hair around his two arms like a muff. He'd bought Dora a muff—mink. The best for Dora. Dora liked mink.

The noise was louder, much louder. Of course he was getting nearer to it. Nearer to the sea, nearer Dora.

She was a sport all right, all right. Took her losses with a shrug. Remember the night she'd bet with Jimmy on the rain dropping down the window. Quick threepenny bets! "Choose a raindrop, Jimmy, I'll have this one!" Laughter! Jimmy and Dora laughing over raindrop bets.

Jimmy had gone away. He couldn't have cared less. Not about Jimmy. Wasn't a real sportsman like Dora. Jimmy hated to lose.

Don't look down, don't look up. Just go on. On. On. Think of Dora giving the signals for the "go ahead" when he returned from a job. Dora waiting in the garage to drive away with the stuff while he went in . . . to stiffen his alibi.

Another rung. His leg trembled. The muscle seemed alive. It jumped. Must keep going. Don't look up. Don't look down. Nearly there, water on his face. Darkness.

"Why, Paddy, you made it." Dora's voice. Water lapping, not roaring. A launch chugging softly.

"Sure he made it. That means you win. A mink coat to you, baby."

Jimmy's voice. But it couldn't be Jimmy's voice. Jimmy went away, Jimmy went away, Jimmy went a year ago . . .

Paddy the Thinker opened iron eyelids. It was Jimmy's voice. Jimmy was there, muffled up. And Dora was there, too, in a big black cloak. He was on a bit of sand between rocks, his leg was numb. No pain.

Dora was talking. 'I laid a bet, Paddy. Jimmy said you were up there for keeps, even though the bars were rotten. I knew you'd get out if I showed you the way. So we took a bet, Jimmy and I. A mink coat for me, a sports car for him. You did me a good turn, Paddy.'

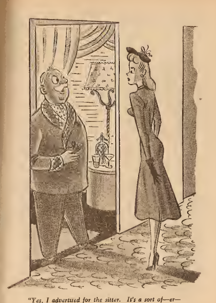
"And now I'll show you the way back, Paddy." It was Jimmy again. "The easy way, through the inside of the cliff. Because you're going back, Paddy, where you'll be safe. Safe until Dora and me get away with the swag."

"We'll show you the way to get out from the inside, too, Paddy. It's easier than coming down the cliff," Dora was laughing.

"You'll have a sporting chance then, Paddy. Come on now. Up we go. A good show, Paddy."

Dora liked a bit of sport.

Sure, Dora was a sportsman. The crowd all said so.



"Yes, I advertised for the sitter. It's a sort of—er—second childhood case."


You can't win . . .
By the one who knows . .
GIBSON
If she decides that you need a hair-cut just one look and a few well chosen words can make you feel like this . . .
And if she is of the opinion that you haven't tied your cravat correctly she can do quite well with just a few words . . . and they may not be well chosen . .
If your shoes are a little on the dim side she can do plenty with just one look .
for that soup spot on your uit! She doesn't even have to ook or speak to make you feel ike a tramp . .
But if you happen to mention that you think her hat looks a little odd . . .
She can play merry hell with your ego by just taking one deep breath

STRANGER *and Stranger*



PLASTIC WALTON: Latest sport in the US is goldfish racing. On a million-dollar pier at Atlantic City is a "fish-track," consisting of 12 brightly lighted plastic tubes, each twenty-feet long, in a rack one above the other. Each contains a live gold-fish and a plastic "shark" (twice it's own size). The sharks (which are numbered) are operated from controls in the front of the machine. The gold-fish are released into the tubes by an electric "starting-gate." The fish that is scared most by the shark and can swim the fastest to the end of the tube, wins the race (and his sponsor, the bets).

THE STRONGER SEX: Case workers in a New York social science bureau have discovered that women are anything from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. stronger in most respects than men They are also 95 per cent less susceptible to vanity . . and 55 per cent. tougher when it comes to having tonsils out or being inoculated against disease Experiments at the John Hopkins Medical School show that women are much more capable of doing accurately all sorts of mental work in a shorter space of time than men are. Moreover, they don't tend to be so sensitive about "people standing over them."

GAELIC GIANT: Wrestler Jim Cully, known to his friends, relatives and fans as "The Gargantuan Gael," is a 22½-stone-Tipperaryman When not tying them in knots, Cully wears a 21-inch collar and drapes himself in a suit cut from 5½ yards of cloth. When he sleeps, he spreads his seven-foot-four frame across two double-beds and parks his 14-size shoes underneath He has a one-foot hand-span and a chest measurement of 54 inches (normal) He is bigger than Carnera who was a mere 6 ft. 10 ins. and weighed 19 stone. But they all fall just as hard.

VEST-POCKET: Smallest sovereign State in the world is Vatican City, with an area of 109 acres and a population of not much over 1,000. A poor second runs the Principality of Monaco, with an area of 370 acres and a population of about 20,000 Third is the Republic of San Marino (embraced by Italy), with an area of 38 square miles and a population approaching 15,500 A little larger is the Principality of Liechenstein Situated between the Austrian Province of Vorarlberg and the Swiss Cantons of St. Gallen and Graubunden, its area is 62 square miles and population 13,000 Largest vest-pocket State is Andorra, high in the Pyrenees. One of the loftiest countries in the world, its area is 191 square miles, but its population is less than 6,000

"You'll have to show me some more—Milly and I haven't seen each other in months."

ROLL 'EM OVER

OVER

OVER



If you're eager to roll 'em over . . . well, not in the clover . . . but in the salt sea spray at all events, here's Florida's latest invention for doing just that thing. The huge wheel is made of plastic; it is so flexible that it can be twisted into any shape to suit the players. Here the gang are unrolling the plastic outer covering to wrap it round the wheel. Then, see what they'll do to you, you sea . . . the wild waves'll really have something to say this time if we're any judges.

Of course, it's not all done by quickness of the hand, this water-nymph has her fingers through straps in the wheel . . . it gives her a grasp while her ardent assistants take her for a spin. Doesn't she get giddy? . . . Well, no more than she makes us. And, just to demonstrate that she knows all the answers, she proceeds to fleet through the feat by herself. Our orbs aren't popping, we're just trying to catch her eye to ask a question.



And there they go . . . Boy, we'll make part of that team any day . . . even though we have to spend a few weeks on the Big Dipper being convalescent afterwards. Let the Ice Bergs have their clubs to themselves, we're starting a club for Free Wheelers . . . who'd want to be a Holy Roller when you can get the same effect with pleasure and profit combined?



ME RUMATICS . . .

Although infected teeth and tonsils are the most common cause of rheumatism, another has been discovered. You may be eating too much starchy food. In many cases of chronic rheumatism, the large intestine shows changes in approximately two-thirds of the cases. This indicates that there was a lack of tone or drive to send waste-matters further along the intestine and out of the body. In other words, the lower intestine (bowel) had become lazy. By cutting down on starchy foods (potatoes, sugar, bread and the rest), the waste of the bowel is removed in less time. It is these wastes that are a factor in causing and aggravating rheumatic symptoms.

TO BATHE OR . . . ?

Are hot baths injurious or healthful? Spring into them, brother. A hot bath opens up the blood-vessels and draws the water from the congested joints or elsewhere. Wastes are carried away by the increased circulation. After severe exercise or exertion, the hot bath removes waste products in half the usual time. The hot bath also relaxes the nerves and "quiets" the individual. There is, however, one caution. Don't bathe too long; it results in a weak feeling.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE . . .

While there is no drug that will reduce high blood pressure permanently, quieting drugs can lower the pressure for the time being. The elastic walls of the blood-vessels are not kept "on the stretch" all the time. It has been proved that infection of the teeth, tonsils, gums, gall-bladder and large intestine can raise blood-pressure and keep it raised until the infection is removed. Once the source of infection is suppressed, however, the blood pressure is lowered and remains at this lower level—sometimes for years.

DON'T ASK YOUR FRIENDS . . .

It's something which even your best friends won't tell you . . . but even at the risk of losing your acquaintance, here's the real low-down. In some nervous and emotional individuals, food remains too long in the stomach, so that before all the food of one meal passes through the stomach, they eat another meal. This second meal has to start at the beginning of digestion in the stomach delaying the first meal for a little longer. If these nervous individuals would lie down on their right side for ten minutes before they eat their second meal, the first one would flow or syphon out of the stomach. Then the stomach would be ready.

A. L. WOLBARST, M.D.



Why Fear a WASSERMAN TEST?

Tests for venereal disease have their fallacies; but it's always better to be sure than to sorrow later.

THE belief is widespread among laymen and some physicians that a positive Wassermann test is a sure indicator of the presence of syphilis.

All of this would be fine but for one thing. It is not based on facts. The positive reaction is not a specific evidence of syphilis. The tragedy of it is that many doctors regard the Wassermann reaction as an infallible test for syphilis, and the positive reaction as a diagnosis of syphilis.

This fact, however, does not negate the great value of the test. In 1905, in Berlin, Professors Hoffman and Schaudin discovered the germ which causes syphilis—a thin, spiral-shaped organism which is known as the spirochete pallidum, meaning pale spiral.

The identification of this germ through the microscope was an epochal event in medical history, for it enabled us to see the germ in the early, active stages of the disease. Then, five years later, Professor August Wasserman came along with his blood test. He based it on the biological principle that syphilitic blood will give a reaction to certain chemical reagents and thus give us a clue to "hidden syphilis," a condition which reveals no active symptoms. Normal, healthy blood does not give the reaction that syphilitic blood does. When a strong reaction is seen in the test tube, the result is set down as "positive" or "4 plus." When there is no visible reaction it is "negative."

We thus had for the first time two new methods of diagnosing syphilis—the spirochete, in the early stages, and the Wassermann sero-reaction, after the disease has penetrated and entered the blood stream.

Therefore, for nearly 40 years, a positive reaction to the Wassermann test has been accepted as an evidence of syphilis somewhere in the body.

The usual procedure is for the doctor to send a sample of blood to a laboratory where skilled technicians make the test. The laboratory merely reports whether the blood is "positive Wassermann" or "negative." It's the doctor who makes the diagnosis of syphilis. While he may be correct in the vast majority of cases, there are many exceptional cases in which the report is erroneous and therefore may be responsible for a great injustice and needless suffering. In other words, the test may show a strongly positive reaction in a person who has not and never had syphilis. In brief, a "false positive."

Many doctors are not aware of the fact that some 40 or more different factors may be responsible for a false positive reaction. Among these are mumps, infections, tropical diseases and various upper respiratory infections. Veterans who have served in tropical or malarial areas and have been infected by the many parasites of those areas, often show a positive Wassermann without ever having had syphilis.

This point is well illustrated by an actual case history: John B., an ex-serviceman, applied for a job in an industrial plant, and as a routine practice, a specimen of his blood was taken for a Wassermann test. When he returned the next day for the report, he was told the company could not engage him because he had syphilis. The young lady at the personnel desk showed him the report—"4 plus." Amazed because he never had had the disease, he rushed to his family physician, who had treated him since he had been a baby. The old doctor studied the report for a few minutes. "Who told you you had syphilis?" he asked. "The lady at the desk told me my blood was 4 plus," John replied, and then added, "and that meant syphilis, she said."

"Did the Army doctors treat you for syphilis when you were in service?" the doctor asked. "No," said John, "but they treated me for malaria, which I picked up somewhere in the Pacific." "All right, John," said the doctor, "don't you worry about that report. I'll get in touch with the plant doctor and I'm sure you'll get the job."

On the following day, at the plant office, the young lady at the personnel desk was apologetic, and the plant doctor learned something from that old family doctor which he should have known. John not only

got his job but was spared the anguish of believing he had syphilis and also the trouble and expense of two or more years of treatment for a disease he did not have.

About a year ago, two U.S. Army doctors working on this problem made a most interesting series of experiments. In one of the U.S. prisons, 90 inmates volunteered to act as guinea-pigs for the experiments. They were carefully examined and none of them showed any evidence of having or ever having had syphilis, Wassermann tests were repeatedly negative. There could be no doubt of their freedom from syphilis. The doctors then inoculated them with malaria by the bite of infected mosquitoes. Thereafter, over a period of 8 months, the blood of these prisoners was repeatedly tested to a total of 45,000 tests.

What did the tests show? Fifty-seven per cent. of the 90 men infected with malaria developed a positive Wassermann reaction in one or more of these tests. This certainly proved that persons infected with malaria can occasionally show a positive Wassermann though they were not infected with syphilis. The same is true of other infectious diseases.

One can readily see the importance of this knowledge. Thousands upon thousands of men and women throughout the word have been pronounced syphilitic with all the social stigma that the world implies and forced to undergo long and monotonous treatment, often on the basis of a single Wassermann test with a false positive reaction.

The lesson that all laymen and many physicians still have to learn is that there's such a thing as a false positive and that one cannot depend solely on one laboratory report showing a positive reaction.

Not only is the test itself liable to error, but the technicians who make the test and their clerks may furnish an erroneous report through a clerical error. Some years ago I had a personal experience of this in one of my venereal clinics. Like other clinics, we made a routine Wassermann test on every new patient. On a certain day, two new patients were admitted—one with an unmistakable case of syphilis, the other with an equally unmistakable case of gonorrhea, which does not react to the Wassermann test. Specimens of blood from both patients were sent to the clinic laboratory for the customary test.

To my surprise, when the reports came back the next day, the gonorrhea patient was reported "4 plus" or strongly positive and the syphilitic case was reported "negative." Sensing that there was an error somewhere, we discovered that a clerk had thoughtlessly made a transposition of the reaction on the report cards. How often such a human error occurs, no one can say, but it certainly can happen often enough to make us feel that the Wassermann test, as usually reported, is liable to err in one form or another.

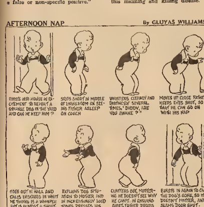
Every person who finds it necessary to submit to a blood test should insist that more than one test be made at the same time and in different laboratories. (It is not likely that several laboratories will make the identical error on the same specimen of blood.) He should refuse to subject himself to the risk of being declared syphilitic through a false positive reaction or a clerical error.

By the same token, the diagnosis of syphilis should not be made by a physician on the basis of a single positive Wassermann report. If, for any reason, only a single test can be made, it should be corroborated by clinical evidence or history of the disease, before a diagnosis can be made.

Dr. John H. Stokes, probably the greatest living authority on syphilis, warns: "I have gradually come to recognise that the single positive Wassermann test that is unaccompanied by any other detectable evidence of the disease, either in the form of other positives or numerous repetitions or of further clinical or serological evidence of the disease on complete examination, is likely to be a false or non-specific positive."

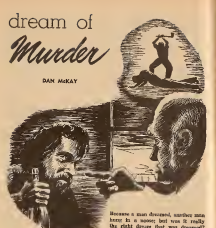
What has been said here does not detract from the great value of the Wassermann test. It is intended, however, to emphasise the fact that a single test is liable to error and that several tests should be made simultaneously in different laboratories, before the result can be accepted as definite. With this thought in mind, the Wassermann test can be considered the most important and useful diagnostic test that has ever been devised for the detection of this maiming and killing disease.

AFTERNOON NAP — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



dream of Murder

DAN McKAY



Because a man dreamed, another man hung in a noose; but was it really the right dream that was dreamed?

HERE—at the beginning—ends the story of Benjamin Cott, who lived out of Maitland, N.S.W., in 1850, and died of a number of axe blows the night of November 13, that year.

Ben Cott, in the newspaper terms of the time, was "a man of warm temper, at times known to drunk hard, being very excitable when under the influence of liquor."

Drunk, Ben was apt to raise hell. Sober, he farmed a small acreage with the help of a man and wife named Johnson and a boy named Murphy, all of whom lived at the homestead with him.

His best friend for some years, apart from his dog, had been next door neighbour Will Hayes, who shared with him no small fondness for rum and red wine.

And on that devil's night in November, tea failed, as it often did, to quench Ben's thirst

"Going over to Will Hayes'," he told the Johnsons. "I might get back about nine."

He called his dog and went off in the dusk, and that was the last they saw of him alive. Will Hayes and a man and wife named Staunton who lived with him were all seated out on the bit of verandah when Ben arrived.

The Stauntons shared one drink with the two farmers and then, like good servants, lit a candle and went off to bed. Ben and Will settled down to drink and yarn away the night.

Voices in argument woke Staunton. He felt that he had been sleeping for hours, and the heaviness of the voices in the other room confirmed this idea. At first the conversation was indistinct, but as it grew more heated, Staunton was able to hear quite well. "I lent you nine pound in August," he heard Ben Cott growl at Will Hayes. "And I'll have it from you, or know why."

"In time," Will said, calmer. "Have another drink now."

Questioned later in court, Staunton said he had fallen to sleep again at this interesting point, and that statement alone made his evidence seem dubious in value.

But he explained that such passages of words were not a bit unusual when Ben Cott was drinking. The two farmers had never come to anything like blows over them, however.

When the Stauntons rose before dawn next morning the kitchen was tidy and Will Hayes was snoring in his room. He behaved in a normal manner at breakfast—normal for a man who had peered into the rum keg the night before—and afterwards took a shovel and went over to work on a drain that separated a cleared field from a bush-covered slope, within sight of the house.

Meanwhile, at Cott's homestead the Johnsons and young Murphy had begun to search for their missing employer.

Johnson and Murphy went over to the Hayes place, where Staunton referred them to Will, then at work on the drainage channel. And they stood by while Hayes denied having seen Ben Cott since he had left for home at ten o'clock the night before.

Worried now, Johnson sent young Murphy to inquire after his master in one direction, while he questioned neighbours on the other side of the farm. No one had seen Ben Cott, and news of their search reached the ears of the local police officer, Constable Hedwell, who organised a search party to examine the turns of the creek and probe the deepest pools—unsuccessfully.

And then a remarkable man named James Anthony appeared on the scene to present Constable Hedwell with his first clue—one that few police officers would accept to-day. James Anthony had dreamed a dream.

In the dream, he told Hedwell, he had seen a man carry someone in his arms to the drain that ran around Hayes' field, drop him there, and cover him with bark and leaves. Hedwell rode into Maitland in the late afternoon, told his story, and eventually convinced the Chief Constable that there was more than an even chance of finding the missing man below ground on the Hayes farm. He rode back armed with authority to search the location.

The constable was a demon for duty and promotion. He had decided to take no chance that Hayes might in the night remove the body to another resting place and so make a fool of him. So on the night of November 14 a small group of men, including Johnson, carried lanterns through the bush to the edge of Hayes' field.

They followed the drainage channel until they found the place where Hayes had filled it in for a distance of about ten feet. The shovels began to dig. And there was Benjamin Cott.

Will Hayes, when he lit the lamp and opened the door in answer to the constable's knocking, seemed genuinely surprised.

When Constable Hedwell lined Staunton and his wife up with Hayes and began to question them, he found the employees willing enough to talk, although apt to contradict themselves.

Hayes had less to say.

He repeated what he had first told Johnson—that he had parted on good terms with Ben Cott at ten o'clock on the night of November 13 and had not seen him since.

Asked why he had begun to fill in the drain, he told Hedwell, "It needed it."

The constable took Hayes and the body of Benjamin Cott to the lock-up that night.

Along with Hayes, the constable took an axe he had found on the wood-pile outside the house. There were dark brown stains on the blade and haft, and two grey hairs adhering.

A Dr. Scott examined the remains of Benjamin Cott in his most exacting manner, and later accompanied Constable Hedwell and his prisoner to Sydney, where the inquest opened on December 15.

"William Hayes was yesterday committed to take his trial for the wilful murder of one Benjamin Cott," a newspaper of the day noted briefly at the end of the hearing.

Evidence at the trial of Will Hayes was more than somewhat circumstantial.

Constable Hedwell told his story and exhibited the axe he had found at Hayes' home.

Dr. Scott deposed that on examination he had found that the axe blade fitted exactly a fracture in the latter portion of the left parietal bone of the deceased's skull.

The blade showed certain stains, the doctor said, but these might as well have been rust as blood. He was unable to tell.

On the axe handle was a spot that could be identified as blood, although not necessarily human blood.

On the axe blade he had found a single white hair, adhering with some earth, which corresponded with white hairs on the dead man's skull —but he could not positively state whether it was a human hair or not.

In the box Hayes repeated his story but varied his reason for filling in the drainage channel.

This time he said he had found it blocked with bark and leaves and decided, as the same thing had happened often before, that it was more trouble than advantage to his land.

After 20 minutes in retirement the jury brought in a majority verdict against Will Hayes, one man dissenting.

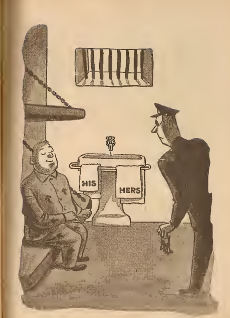
As one newspaper summed it up—"There were few collateral circumstances of much importance. The matter seems enveloped in some degree of mystery still, which the evidence does not appear to unravel."

Certainly no jury today would convict a man on such slender evidence.

Hayes and Cott had been the best of friends for a number of years. They might on this occasion have come to blows over the money owed. But there was no evidence of this.

Other axes than Hayes' might have killed Cott. The doctor could not be certain that signs on the axe connected it with the murder. Or prove that Hayes had wielded it.

But William Hayes was hanged for the crime.





THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No 71)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

When a building lot that is wider than the usual 50 feet is available, take advantage of this additional width if you wish to obtain the best effect

As a general rule, a much better plan and a more interesting house can be developed on an extended frontage

The accompanying plan is for a house facing south. The "L" shaped layout encloses a paved terrace which forms a sun trap.

The daytime quarters of the house are in one wing and the sleeping quarters in the other. The living-dining room opens onto the terrace and also into the sun room. The kitchen serves direct into the dining room. The larger bedroom enjoys a separate shower and toilet recess, whilst the two smaller bedrooms share a bathroom. Each bedroom has a built-in wardrobe, whilst a coat cupboard and a linen cupboard are located in the hall

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 70 feet, and the overall area is 2,050 square feet.

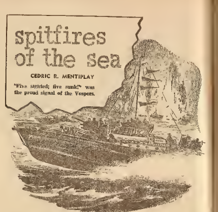
L-shape with south aspect

BEDROOM 18' x 12'
BEDROOM 12' x 10'
BEDROOM 12' x 10'
HALL
TERRACE
SUNROOM 14' x 10'
LIVING-DINING ROOM 22' x 15'
KITCHEN 11'6" x 10'
BATHROOM
LINEN
ENTRY
LAUNDRY
POACH
GARAGE

spitfires of the sea

CEDRIC R. MENTIPLAY

"Five sighted; five sunk!" was the proud signal of the Vospers.



FOR six years I've wanted to tell this story under this heading. When first I cabled it, my version of that night's happenings in the Northern Adriatic made headlines in England and America, but only about 25 per cent. of it got past the naval censors' blockade. In February, 1945, German Intelligence was not supposed to know that our lightest, fastest motor torpedo boats were using radar to find and kill by night the toughest of Hitler's armed convoys.

When I joined the Vosper flotilla at Ancona I was solemnly warned by four irate lieutenants. It appeared that a certain naval press officer had spread their fame throughout the Allied world in highly-coloured prose, so that in every naval bar they were likely to be greeted with: "What-oh the Spitfire boys—with water-wings!"

"Just one little flowery phrase and you finish up on the bottom of the Adriatic with a patent anchor round your neck!" they warned. "'Spitfires of the Sea'—Hell!"

Well, I'm six years and half a world away from Jerry and Goebbels and The Duke—and the Tasman rolls in between me and Ted Lassen—so maybe I can risk it. That naval pressman was right. He was a quiet bloke, not usually given to hyperbole.

"Spitfires of the Sea" was his metaphor, and it's good enough for me!

The Vosper MTB was less than 72ft. of plywood, powered by three Packard-built Merlins which sent her along at nearly 50 knots fully loaded. In anything like a sea she worked with the freedom of a second-hand teabox on its way over Niagara Falls—but she paid her way. She carried an Oerlikon cannon forward, twin heavy machine guns in a barbette amidships, and a couple of little Vickers K's abeam.

Ted Lassen's craft varied from the others because she mounted twin Oerlikons instead of the machine guns. Her two tubes each contained a 21-inch Whitehead acoustic torpedo. For armour she had a little box of three-eighths-inch plate around the wheel.

I put in a week with the Vospers before anything serious happened. Three boats would go out at one time, usually led by Jerry, the R.N. type. He had seniority over the two R.N.V.R. blokes, Goebbels and The Duke, and they flaunted their wavy stripes over those of Ted Lassen, who was merely R.N.Z.N.V.R.

The Duke was a small fiery black-bearded fellow with a shocking Oxford accent and an unpronounceable French name. His sub-loot was burly and ginger-bearded, and they made a piratical team. Most of the others were clean-shaven and pukka Navy, but the discipline was of the free-and-easy, all-in-together type.

The start of what proved to be the big show caught MTB 404 tied up at her berth in the lee of the overturned Italian cruiser "Giulio Cesare" with a dud starboard motor. After hours of sweating and cursing they had the Merlin turning over sweetly enough—but even so they had to watch the other three boats move out without them.

Then Jerry's voice rasped over the intercom. "Come out, Kiwi, if you can! Goebbels returning with engine trouble!"

In five seconds we were cast off and skating in reverse.

As night closed down the three Vospers were hammering along in a tight vee formation over the glassy sea.

"Looks like a show to-night, sir," said the cox, checking his tin hat and lifejacket. "Sorry we ain't got any of these for you. Still, better not 'ave them if we blow—you finish quicker that way!"

I grinned, but my mouth was rather dry. This was the cox's style. Came from Liverpool, I believe—a family of undertakers.

At last we lay beam to beam and cut our engines, watching the shore lights blink out. Other radar eyes were combing the night. On the green expanses of our own radar screen the turning beam sketched the approaches to Venice.

"Start up and follow me," said Jerry quietly.

A trained bustle, almost noiseless, and every man was at his post. The only other voice I heard was that of the Duke, chanting a hunting song. As I quitted the cabin where the radar was, I spared a last glance for the green glowing circle. In the top right-hand corner were five tiny white dots, in exact line. Just five little dots, to send 36 men scurrying to their posts at Oerlikon, torpedo and engine controls—enemy convoy!

I made the wheelhouse just in time, and grinned maliciously at the cox. He was a bulky figure in his tin hat

A New Australian wanted to run a restaurant such as had never existed before. He advertised: "Cutlets Served From Any Animal In The World." His first customer was a wench of would-be wit. "Oh," she carolled blithely, "I'll have a . . . yes, an elephant cutlet." The ex-denizen of Vienna regarded her with a glare of stern reproof. "Madam," he informed her coldly, "for one cutlet we cannot cut up one whole elephant."

and Mae West, but beside him Ted Lassen had discarded both. He was twiddling with the torpedo sight, a biggish vee-and-blade affair fixed rigidly into the cockpit coaming.

"Kind o' like a coffin in 'ere, ain't it, sir?" murmured the cox, shifting his chewing gum.

We were just astern of Jerry's MTB 407, with The Duke's boat breathing down our necks. The regular navy man was in command now, and even to an amateur his approach was beautiful. Murmuring details of change of course and estimated speed of the enemy, he led us slowly in towards them, until the opposing lines of vessels were running parallel and about a thousand yards apart, straight for the mouth of the main Venetian channel.

We were travelling at about 15 knots to the enemy's 10. Obviously he could not see us, for he altered neither course nor speed. We drew ahead of the German line, and then turned right about again. The inward turn had decreased the distance between us and the estimated course of the convoy to about 800 yards. At that moment Jerry signalled us to stop engines, then to put our helms hard over in a left-hand turn. As their speed slackened, the lean bows of the Vospers began to float around as they swung from line ahead to line abeam—six wicked Whiteheads trained on darkness.

Jerry's voice was almost conversational over the muted speaker. "Ready, Duke? Ready, Kiwi? Fire when your sights are on!"

Suddenly they were there, big, black and frighteningly plain. Ted was bent over the sight, his hands on the torpedo release toggles. Off to starboard I heard a chugging sound as one of Jerry's fish went away.

"Both!" snapped Ted, and yanked both toggles. The Vosper seemed to shudder and bounce. The tubes spoke together with something between a thudding and whooshing sound.

Then there was nothing again as the seconds raced by, as every one of us wondered whether the enemy had heard the firing, had spotted the dull glow of telltale flame from that port tube.

We knew that the quarry were Flak-lighters, heavily-armed landing craft somewhere in size between our LCT and LST, each carrying Bofors, Oerlikons, 88's, and high-velocity naval guns enough to blow us to matchwood with one broadside. And here we were, engines stopped, bows still swinging through for the getaway—waiting for it!

Through all this eternity of time three shapes were visible, with others coming up astern. Then, miraculously, there were poplar trees among them — tall, sprouting, black - brown columns, one with flame at its heart. The explosions came knocking to us through the water before the dull boom of the explosions arrived.

When that happened we were racing for our lives, mufflers out and bows climbing high on to the steps. The moonlight was very bright now, and from somewhere on the blind side of what had been the convoy the escort was roaring round to get a crack at us. The murderous crack of an 88 airburst leaped out of the sky to port. Something sang in a high arc between The Duke's boat and ours.

I saw something that Jerry had known was there all the time—the real reason for his careful manoeuvring. Ahead of us the moonlight blurred on a rolling fogbank. The three Vospers slammed into it with howling motors, and everybody breathed again. We cut our engines. The quick flight to cover had concealed our identity and numbers, and with the possibility of more torpedo craft and even heavy ships lurking behind the fog screen no German vessel would follow far.

We sat there and watched the convoy die. Explosions blasted out of the moist darkness, and the group of white dots on the radar screen dwindled. We saw two disappear from sight under the turning beam. A third divided into two, and a fourth changed its shape to a thin line as it rolled over. When the beam came round again there was nothing left —not even wreckage.

How many died in that holocaust I don't know. There wouldn't have been less than five hundred, there could have been more than five thousand, depending on whether the German Navy was running munitions or troops into Venice to bolster the sagging Senio Line. The point is that nothing did arrive, and that not one of our boats was hit. That made it a perfect operation.

Three other things I remember about that night. One was when Sparks, feeling round the radio dial, got on to the Dog-boat frequency, and a cool English voice, very like Jerry's, said, "Check your casualties. You can man all your guns? Right, we'll run in again and fix those baskets!" The cox grinned at me and said, "You want to try them next time, sir—you'll see some real action!"

Then there was the signal Jerry made to headquarters as we slammed south for Ancona. It was the perfect naval signal, the sort of thing Nelson would have sent if he had been able to command an MTB half-flotilla. With sublimely terse understatement, it said: "Five sighted—five sunk."

As we came in past the Ancona breakwater just before dawn, The Duke roused the port with as glaring a breach of naval regulations as ever shocked a N.O.I.C. He had spent the homeward run rigging a record player to his loud hailer. Now he dressed ship ceremonially and stood with his men lined up on deck, wearing his fighting rig of pink hunting jacket and battered tophat while "D'ye ken John Peel" thundered from the masthead.

The story I wrote got away from me a bit. I told of the action "at the gates of Venice," described The Duke's boat as "sitting back like a spitting cat" when her torpedoes went, and mentioned those fantastic "poplar trees." When I visited Ancona a week later Ted and Jerry and The Duke met me sadly.

"I told you we should have dropped him overboard," said The Duke to Jerry.

They led me down to the boats. Amateur painters had been at work, and each boat carried an adornment on the side of her wheelhouse. The Duke had a spitting cat, Ted a neat row of poplars, and Jerry had settled for a five-barred gate of rustic simplicity.

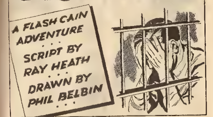


• In case you hadn't guessed it, Woman has Seven Ages: (1) the infant; (2) the little girl; (3) the miss; (4) the Young woman; (5) the young Woman; (6) the Young Woman; (7) the YOUNG WOMAN. • Which reminds us that our disillusioned desk moppet is complaining that lipstick is a Scotsman's present, "because he gets most of it back." • Skeleton in The Family Cupboard Section: Relatives are inherited critics. • For the Edification of Our Weather Experts: A notice over a Sydneyside barometer reads: "Don't hit me; I'm doing my best!" • And then, of course, there was the tourist who remarked that he liked the climate of Sydney; you didn't get any brand of weather—just samples. • International Footnote: Samson used the jaw-bone of an ass to end a war; these days, that weapon is used to start one. • National Scene Sidelight: A Politician is a man who, when he sees the writing on the wall, starts to criticise the formation of the letters. • Social Jottings: Dancing is the art of pulling your feet away faster than your partner can step on them. • A vacation consists of 2 weeks which are 2 short, after which you are 2 tired 2 return to work and 2 broke not 2. • Traffic Topics: We recently met a taxi-driver who was screaming that he got only one tip in three days—and that was unplaced for the 3.30 at Randwick. • A French motor-cyclist has succeeded in riding his machine on a tight-rope—so the last refuge for pedestrians has now vanished, eh? • Financial Flickers: Business is getting bad; bar-tenders claim it's the high cost of low living. • Rural Ruminations: Soil is a substance from which farmers and dry-cleaners make a living. • News Story of the Month: In Detroit, Michigan (U.S.) Romeo Saint Love was charged with bashing his wife, Juliette • Domestic Department: When a man tells you he and his wife never quarrel, he's either lying or there's something terribly wrong with his marriage.

* * *

DOESN'T IT WORK, THEN: (1) Put down the number of your house; (2) double it; (3) add 5; (4) multiply by 50; (5) add your age; (6) add 365; (7) subtract 615. (You will find the number of your house in front of your age) — Like to bet?

DEATH IN DISGUISE







AND YOU CAN'T TRACE HER AT ALL ... BUT WHY DO YOU SUSPECT MURDER ?

BECAUSE WE FOUND SOME OF HER THINGS ON THE CLIFF TOP ----

"--- NOT CLOTHES, BUT A DRAWING BOARD AND SOME SKETCHES WHICH ARE UNDOUBTEDLY HERS THOUGH DAMAGED BY RAIN"

"WHEN THE OFFICER GAVE THEM TO ME THERE WAS NO CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM AND SMITHERS'S MISSING WIFE. A HALF-FINISHED SIGNATURE WAS THE ONLY CLUE."

SMITHERS SIR ---- I WONDER IF THAT'S ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE WOMAN WHO DISAPPEARED ?

AND SURE ENOUGH SMITHERS IDENTIFIED THEM AS DRAWINGS BY HIS WIFE, A PROFESSIONAL ARTIST.

AND YOU TAKE THEM AS MURDER CLUES ?

YES, WE'VE ARRESTED SMITHERS....

---- WHY TELL ME ?

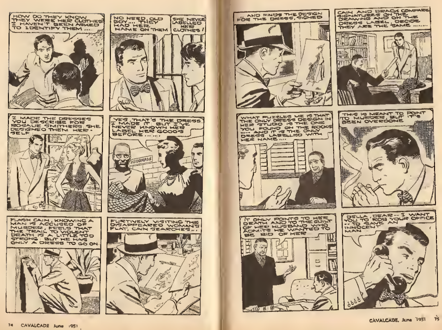
BECAUSE SMITHERS HAS A LAWYER WHO TOLD ME TO ...

MY WIFE JUST DISAPPEARED MR. CAIN. WE WERE UNHAPPY, TALKED OF DIVORCE ...... AND I HAD A GIRL FRIEND, BUT I DIDN'T KILL HER

HER DRAWINGS WERE FOUND AT THE CLIFF EDGE -- IT SEEMS SHE WENT OVER. THE POLICE THINK YOU PUSHED HER AND THEN LEFT THE DRAWINGS FOR A FALSE SCENT TO SUGGEST SUICIDE

BUT THEY HAVEN'T FOUND HER BODY, HER CLOTHES ----- I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU !

HER BODY, NO ... BUT SOME OF HER CLOTHES HAVE BEEN WASHED ASHORE DOWN THE COAST


HOW DO THEY KNOW THEY WERE HER CLOTHES? I HAVEN'T BEEN ASKED TO IDENTIFY THEM ...
NO NEED, OLD BOY .... THEY HAD HER NAME ON THEM
SHE NEVER LABELLED HER CLOTHES !
I MADE THE DRESSES YOU DESCRIBE FOR ROSALIE SMITHERS. SHE DESIGNED THEM HER-SELF
YES, THAT'S THE DRESS I MADE IT. BUT I'VE NEVER KNOWN HER LABEL HER GOODS BEFORE ... ...
FLASH CAIN, KNOWING A MAN IS ACCUSED OF MURDER, FEELS THAT THE TRAIL TO VIOLENT DEATH IS A LITTLE TOO STRONG. BUT HE HAS ONLY A DRESS TO GO ON
FURTIVELY VISITING THE DISAPPEARED WOMAN'S FLAT, CAIN SEARCHES ..
.. AND FINDS THE DESIGN FOR THE DRESS, SIGNED
CAIN AND BRACK COMPARE SIGNATURES ON THE DRAWING AND ON THE DRESS LABEL, DECIDE THEY ARE THE SAME ......
WHAT PUZZLES ME IS THAT THE ONLY DRESS DESIGN IN HER STUDIO IS THE ONE YOU FOUND ON THE ROCKS .... AND IT IS THE ONLY DRESS LABELLED WITH HER NAME ....
THIS IS MEANT TO POINT TO MURDER, BUT IT'S BEEN OVERDONE
IT ONLY POINTS TO HER DEATH AND TO THE GUILT OF HER HUSBAND WHO ADMITS HE WANTED TO BE RID OF HER
DELLA, DEAR -- I WANT YOU TO ROB YOUR OFFICE -- TO SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN


DELLA STANDISH, EMPLOYED BY ACE INSURANCE COMPANY, HANDS CAIN THE INFORMATION HE ASKED FOR -- VALUABLES OF ROSALIE SMITHERS'S, ENUMERATED AS SPECIAL CLAIMS ....
CAIN ASKS DELLA TO GO ROUND THE PAWNSHOPS TO SEE IF SHE CAN LOCATE ANY OF THE VALUABLES.....
SAY THEY ARE YOURS AND YOUR SISTER PAWNED THEM
DELLA WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR FLASH CAIN.
CAIN FOLLOWS ALONG....
DELLA PAYS MANY VISITS.
SO DOES CAIN............
WHAT GOES ON ? THIS GIRLS SISTER WAS HERE THIS MORNING -- AND DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY TO BUY THEM BACK
THAT'S RIGHT. SHE SENT ME TO GET THEM. WE'VE LOST THE TICKET, BUT --
NOW TELL ME WHAT THE WOMAN WAS LIKE ... AND KEEP THE JEWELLERY IN THE MEANTIME
I FOUND THEM, DELLA TWO VISITS ABOUT THE SAME JEWELLERY IN THE SAME DAY WAS TOO MUCH HE GOT IMPATIENT AND TALKED
SO SHE PAWNED THE JEWELLERY, SO WHAT ? SHE PAWNED IT ON THE NINETEENTH AND DISAPPEARED ABOUT THAT TIME
SHE DISAPPEARED ON THE SEVENTEENTH. SHE PUT THE DATE UNDER HER SIGNATURE ON THE DRAWINGS, AS MOST ARTISTS DO

IT WAS FAKE SUICIDE, MADE TO LOOK LIKE MURDER. SHE LEFT THE DRAWINGS THERE AND THREW THE DREGS INTO THE SEA

SHE LABELLED THE DREGS SO THAT THERE WOULD BE NO MISTAKE. SHE WANTED SMITHERS BLAMED FOR HER DISAPPEARANCE.

I'LL PUT MY MEN ONTO IT, AND RELEASE SMITHERS

I STILL DON'T GET IT ......

SHE HAD A RIGHT TO PAWN HER JEWELLERY... SHE DID IT TO GET MONEY. SHE THOUGHT BY FAKING DEATH FROM THE CLIFF-TOP SHE'D GET HER HUSBAND LOCKED UP

THIS TIME I HAVEN'T BROUGHT A KILLER TO BOOK BUT I HAVE SAVED AN INNOCENT MAN FROM GAOL. THAT'S WORTH CELEBRATING, EH?



ONLY THE ELDEST SON COULD MARRY!

The Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar practised the strange custom of "Henogamy."

ALL mankind, from highly civilised westerner down to the most primitive savage, has rules governing who may marry whom. While our rules are very flexible being governed solely by eugenics spiced to a greater or lesser degree by racial prejudice, the more primitive the race the more complicated the rules of marriage often become.

The strongest, and, at first sight, the most unfair system is henogamy, which has nothing to do with fowls. This custom permits one, and only one, member of a family to marry, or alternatively one member may be forced to marry under certain rules which do not apply to the others.

For instance, the Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar insist that only the eldest son may marry, for once a man is father to a son, he is free of his debt to his ancestors. Because of this the eldest son alone is worthy to receive his father's estate, and therefore he alone should be entitled to marry. For the first-born son is regarded as the fulfilment of divine law . . . all succeeding sons are merely the offspring of desire.

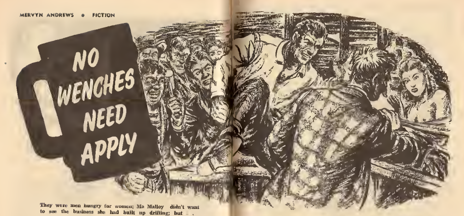
The son on reaching manhood, is naturally anxious to have a male heir so that he, in turn, can cast his "debts" (or sins) on to his son. For this reason, plus the understandable surplus of women, the marriageable sons often have several wives. Incidentally, should an eldest son die without begetting a male offspring, the "debts" reverted to the father, who then conveniently transferred them on to the shoulders of the second eldest . . . and so on!

What about the younger sons? They, poor things, can take their pick of "inferior" Nayar women, but are excluded from their father's inheritance!

Behind this rigid, religious aspect of henogamy lies its down-to-earth and practical side. By recognising only the offspring of the eldest son of each generation, the family property is kept intact down through the years and not dissipated among countless descendants, as would be the case if the system were not enforced.

Modern civilisation requires no such cast-iron doctrine. Thanks to Life Assurance every wise father can provide for the financial security of all his children until they are able to provide for themselves, should he die at an early age, while at the same time providing security for his own retirement. Life Assurance is a unique form of saving plus security, and thanks to the healthy competition between our free and independent Life Offices, there are policies to suit every need and every purse.

(Advt.)



They were men hungry for women; Ma Malloy didn't want to see the business she had built up drifting; but . . .

Tim squealed in berserk rage and was vaulting the counter to grip Yeldon

"AN' a pretty wench to serve it spices the grog."

Busy though she was, Ma Malloy kept an ear cocked for tap-room gossip; it was a barometer for her business welfare. She did not miss Sam Yeldon's remark as she poured rum for Red Charley, and she saw Sam's wink, too. It was a leer; she doubled Charley's tot, and the wizened old lag grimaced in pleasure.

Ma pursed her lips. She had a nose for trouble like a dingo for blood. Wallis' Plains, the small village at the head of navigation up the Hunter River from Newcastle, was growing but it was not big enough for two shanties yet.

"An' he's startin' one in that place he built out o' what he robbed me of, runnm' me farm," she surmised. "He can't have any cash left, though."

That conclusion robbed Yeldon of much of his danger, but it did not eliminate Cliff Fenner. Fenner had money, and he was in it, perhaps more than the big ex-convict. Sam had brute force and little brain; Fenner was shrewd and cunning. A little runt, slick and slimy, he was; had he been a lag, he would have been a pimp, and Ma could think of nothing lower that walked, crawled, flew, or swam.

She stared thoughtfully at Red Charley, and he edged his empty glass forward hopefully. She tipped the bottle, and he gave a toothless grin at the gurgle of the rum.

"Find out what Fenner and Yeldon are up to," she told him quietly.

On the following morning a waggon piled with corn from Munday's plantation pulled in at the landing stage to unload to an empty barge. As usual during the past four years, Tim Coghlin was driving. He was 23, and Ma had watched him develop into a fine, upstanding man, with packed muscle and a healthy tan

Probably the oldest people in the world—the Motilon Indians of north-west Venezuela—have some nasty habits. For the past 200 years, they have murdered practically every foreigner who tried to enter their country. Yet few of them have ever been executed in retribution, for they lead their pursuers into impenetrable bush and there slay them with poisoned arrows. Even U.S. petrol-wells are guarded with barb-wire.

during his long years as a convict.

Most of her customers were freed convicts or ticket-of-leave men, and she, herself had been twice transported. She liked Tim, so, when the work was finished and the overseer refreshed himself in her parlour, she asked permission, as was her custom, to serve an issue to the convicts—at her expense, of course.

She sniffed derisively as she drew a liberal measure of rum. The odium was for herself; she had no time for sentiment, she told herself as she took pannikins out to the waggon in which the convicts sat, patient but parched after their toil.

"Bless yer, Mrs. Malloy," the three older lags chorused.

"I'm thankin' yer, Ma," Coghlin offered, and there was just a touch of pride in his voice that day. "An' I'll be buyin' a glass in yer tap-room before the week's out."

Her fat face wreathed with pleasure. "You're gittin' your ticket-o'-leave, Tim?"

"Aye, most any day now." Excitement danced in his brown eyes. "An' Ma, me girl's comin' out to marry me soon's I get it. She'll be at sea now, like as not."

"Then it's workin' hard an' savin' yer money to get enough to wed her, ye'll be, Timothy Coghlin," she retorted gruffly. "Ye'll not be wastin' it on my bad liquor."

After the waggon had pulled away, she stared across the flat to the farm by the creek where work proceeded in a desultory fashion. The old lags she employed did not earn their keep. They had no initiative or ambition, and Yeldon's only initiative had been for himself. She wondered if Coghlin could make it pay, but she dismissed the idea with a scowl.

"Bah!" she berated herself. "I'll sell it, an' let the good for nothin' loafers fend for themselves."

Charley brought disturbing news from his forage among the village gossip. Supplies of liquor for the new hotel were arriving the next day. Word of the opening circulated through the settlement and trickled upstream. Grog and serving wenches was the tenor, with grog in the minor key.

"They's four buxom lasses, free immigrants he bonded on a ship in Sydney Town," Charley told her. He looked pointedly at his empty glass, but she ignored the hint. "Fenner's missus is bringin' 'em up in the boat from Newcastle to-morrow."

A new shanty with four girls serving! It was a bleak outlook for Ma Malloy, for the girls spelled ruin to her business. Fenner's venture would be well established before she could hope to obtain girls to compete with him. And what hope had she in that woman-starved, young colony, even if she could get to Sydney Town when a ship with immigrants arrived! She was morose and thoughtful for most of the evening.

Ma did not hold with serving wenches in her shanty. Not that she was concerned with the morality of it, she told herself and her customers, if they asked, but they brought trouble and fights, and that took some of her best patrons from her; they went back to the road gang—perhaps to the hangman's noose. Then, if you did get a girl, she was off getting wedded next day. Ma paused as if thought had been arrested, then she poured a double measure for Charley and whispered to him.

Before mid-morning the village seethed with excitement. By mid-day, when Fenner's liquor arrived, every unmarried male within five miles had gathered at Ma Malloy's shanty near the landing stage to drink while awaiting the arrival of the boat from Newcastle.

"Four girls looking for husbands coming on the boat!"

Such was the startling announcement that Red Charley had launched on the river of rumor. It swept up the Hunter like driftwood on the crest of an incoming tide. From 30 miles up, at Patrick's Plains, the ripples of it brought free settlers, freed men, and ticket-of-leavers, donned in their best clothes, hurrying to the landing stage to bid for one of the prizes.

Ma sweated as she labored serving drinks to a crowded house. She had made her gamble, but she had no qualms of conscience. Nor need she have had! She, herself, had seen proposals made and accepted before a ship tied up in Sydney Cove, and she had seen those same couples married within an hour of the bride's landing. It was a commonplace of a virile young community, predominately male. Ma smiled grimly; Fenner would be lucky if he had even one serving wench for his grand opening that night.

"Here she comes!"

A shout from the landing stage provoked a thunderous echo from the packed shanty. Abandoning glasses, full, half-full and near-empty, the men rushed for the river bank, until one hundred males stared tensely down the waterway, eyes focussed on the big boat laboring upstream with eight convicts at the oars.

"There's no women aboard!"

A groan that welled to a throaty rumble of anger greeted the cry, but it changed almost immediately to excited shouts.

"Yes there is; two!" "Three of 'em, I count!"

The crowd swayed as men jockeyed for advantageous points close to the landing. Pushing, buffeting, elbowing for place, the mob surged inwards on the focal point. Tempers were frayed by waiting and eagerness; fists flew on the slightest provocation, and the thud of heavy boots driven home followed, while half a dozen savage fights passed unnoticed on the fringe of the jostling mob. The bedlam faded to a hushed silence as the boat drew nearer.

This was what they had been waiting for . . . this is what had set them tossing restlessly at nights. They eyed one another furtively from the corners of their eyes . . . like a pack of mongrel dogs, wary of their fellows and determined that no one should rob them of an offered prize. There was a hungry look—like that of a famished, predetory beast—about their jowels as they stared. A sudden stir ran through their ranks.

A groan, almost of despair, welled from the throats of the waiting men, when it was seen that of the three women in the boat, two were wives of local settlers who were waiting to meet them. It left one prize only for one hundred competitors.

For weeks a destitute concert violinist, had watched a bad violinist playing in the street below. As the man sawed out his wretched tunes, tenants cascaded coins One day the concert violinist could bear it no longer. He went down and played brilliantly . . . for the sum of five pence Bewildered, he buttonholed the other musician next afternoon. "Simple," was the reply. "You've also got to be an S.P bookmaker."

She sat a little apart from the other two, but she was young and slender, though with a small, pinched face. She stared at the packed landing with frightened eyes and gripped her bundle with hands that trembled Here was no buxom lass to help with the clearing, but competition was too keen to wait on those with critical eye.

"She's mine! Take me, missy; I got 40 acres!"

"I got 60, two cows an' four pigs!"

Her voice came back, soft but strumming with fear. "But I'm bespoken"

"He ain't here. Take me, I got—"

A surge from the mob behind pitched the speaker, and a dozen with him, into the water. Some scrambled ashore, but others clung to the gunwale, pressing their claims until a corporal beat them off with the flat of his bayonet and the boat edged to the stage

The boat guard predded a clearing at the edge of the stage, but before they could step up, the crowd parted from the rear to the determined advance of Lieutenant Peterson, of the local military detachment, and a dozen redcoats They quickly cleared the stage to allow the boat party to disembark.

"Now, miss, who is to meet you?" Peterson asked.

He had disposed of the two local women and turned his attention to the girl She was staring in bewilderment at the sea of faces. They were the faces of men, all silent, but some pleading, soma cajoling, some demanding, others frankly leering, but none was the face she sought. Her teeth bit her underlip as she struggled to suppress her tears. Fenner pushed forward.

"She's one of the girls I'm expecting, Lieutenant."

Peterson looked to the girl for confirmation, but she was staring at Fenner with something like consternation in her eyes. Suspicion stirred in Peterson; the girl should have been travelling with the other three in charge of Mrs Fenner.

In the front row of the crowd, peering between two of the soldiers, Red Charley whooped suddenly with excitement He turned and, squirming like a terrier through dense thicket, wormed a way through the press, then he set off at a shambling run for Malloy's shanty.

"You say she's bonded to you, Mr Fenner?" Peterson asked.

"Yes, here's the bonding paper." Fenner produced a document, opening it for inspection "There you are; Martha Brown."

"Oooh, I ain't! I'm Sally Smithers." Terror had at last given the girl tongue, and her words came with a rush "He come on the ship, but I wouldn't sign. I come out here to wed—"

"Marry me, missy! Marry me!"

A chorus of shouts drowned out her last words, and Peterson held up a hand for silence. He was in an awkward predicament, he knew the trouble that would follow with an unattached girl at loose in the village.

"Unless you can pick out one of these men to marry, I'll have to send you back on the boat, miss," he said sternly, but the look of dismay on her face prompted alternatives. "You could stay if you bonded yourself as a servant, or if some woman will undertake to look after you."

"I'll do that same, Lieutenant."

Ma Malloy, using her ample shoulders and shanty abuse to good effect, buffetted a way into the circle of the redcoats Her thick lips twisted into a derisive smirk at Fenner, but he held his curses, for he knew that he had overplayed his hand with Peterson. The lieutenant hailed Ma's advent with relief.

"You go along with Mrs Malloy, miss; she'll look after you."

"Ma Malloy!" Sally's voice was a heartfelt whisper She gripped her bundle in nervous hands and pressed close to the shanty keeper, as if seeking strength and protection. The crowd opened to give them passage, and Ma waddled to her hostelry, smiling triumphantly Let Fenner have his grand opening night; Ma Malloy had the only serving wench in Wallis' Plains.

"Nice enough fer them as likes 'em skinny," Ma told herself. She had left the girl in her own room to rest, while she had returned to the bar to satisfy the demands of the clamoring men. "But a pert enough little baggage, I'll warrant, when she ain't scared."

Not until the slack time between day and night trade did Ma learn the true identity of her acquisition; the bubble of her hopes collapsed, and the disappointment made her spiteful Who was Timmy Coghlin that she should consider him, anyway! Why did it have to be Tim's girl!

"Who's payin' yer fare to Newcastle to be wedded?" she demanded truculently. "An' yer bed and victuals till that lazy, good fer nothin' lag gits his ticket an' earns wages to keep ye?"

"I'll work to keep both of us" Ma had spurred a timid filly until it showed a flash of temper and spirit Ma liked spirit but she was still disgruntled She disliked Tim Coghlin, but she could not bring herself to use his girl in her bar

"I'm not needin' any help," she snapped tartly

"I'll find work somewhere," Sally retorted, but her voice was shaky. "That man that come to the ship'll take me."

"Huh! An' heve it be said Ma Malloy turned an innocent girl out to her ruin!" She felt she had been tricked; she glared at Sally angrily "I'll heve to keep yer till the next boat, I s'pose, but ye'll stay right in this room"

Despite the knowledge that some free drink would flow at Fenner's opening, the men thought the stronger attraction was at Ma Malloy's shanty that night They called and shouted for the girl until Ma's persistent refusal to allow Sally to serve soured them They were in an ugly mood, and Ma's fat hand, hidden by the counter, gripped the handle of her bung-starting mallet for emergencies, when Red Charley came to her rescue

"Let's go to Fenner's. Free drinks at Fenner's!"

Reaction to his call was immediate Calling abuse at Ma, the mob tramped out to hurry to the new shanty, but they found Fenner in a sullen humor Having allowed two free drinks to each man he demanded payment for any more. The men felt that they hed

The first "Tin Hare" in England was introduced at Manchester, in 1876. Invented by a Mr Geary, it was the skin of a hare stuffed and attached to a wire in an open tube. It was dragged along the ground by men working a hidden winch at such a speed that the hounds were unable to catch up with it. The idea, however, did not take on. Only after 50 years was another track started . . . again at Manchester.

been doubly cheated. Angry shouts and curses greeted the order, and, tempers riding high, fights started.

"The girl's serving at Ma Malloy's!"

Like thoroughbreds to the rip of spurs, the men abandoned Fenner's in a headlong race to win a spot at the counter of the old shanty. They found Sally at Ma's side, for, when the sudden quiet had fallen on the shanty, she had emerged from the room to learn the cause.

Her appearance had been hailed by vociferous shouts from the few men who had remained there. It had been taken up by disgruntled men wandering round the village, until it had reached Fenner's shanty. Ma tried to push the girl back into the room when the mob returned with a rush, but she ran to the other end of the bar and was pouring drinks when the first man breasted the counter.

Ma Malloy's shanty commenced the most uproarious hour of its existence, while in the new hotel Fenner stared glumly around the almost deserted room. A few men had remained, but they were hangers-on and cronies of Yeldon.

"We might as well close up, if we don't get them girls," Yeldon said sourly. "Why didn't they come?"

"They might come next boat," Fenner said with a poor show at confidence. His eyes grew thoughtful, then glinted with cunning. "If we can keep the mob away from Malloy's till they come, we'll get all the trade in no time."

"A good fight 'ud wreck that place for a long time," Sam suggested hopefully.

"I'd cut you in for a third share, instead of only a quarter, if that happened soon enough, Sam."

"Now 'ud be soon enough. Come on, mates!" Yeldon said, and, with six men following him, he left the new hotel.

"It come be the boat, Ma I'm on ticket o' leave."

As Yeldon and his men received their drinks from Sally, Tim Coghlin appeared at the door of the shanty. He pushed through the crowd without a glance to the far end of the bar. His face was flushed, and his eyes bright with excitement as he took the drink Ma pushed towards him. He raised the glass to his lips as the girl screamed.

Coghlin stiffened. There was fear in that scream, and he saw the girl for the first time. She was straining back, and a man's hairy arm stretched across the counter, the hand gripping her blouse at the neck. He jerked savagely at it, and the cloth ripped; Sam Yeldon was starting a brawl.

Tim's squeal was of berserk rage. He vaulted to the counter, the only way that he could get a clear run to hurl himself at Yeldon, but as his feet hit the board, Ma Malloy's mallet crashed down. Tim dropped to the counter. He groaned and rolled to the floor at the feet of the shanty keeper.

Ma's arm swung back once more, and the mallet flew through air. It cracked with a dull thud on Yeldon's forearm. Sam cursed and, releasing his grip on the girl, lashed out with hands and feet at the surge of angry men rushing him.

Seven stalwart men, fighting shoulder to shoulder, made a formidable core of defence, but the mob was fighting mad. Yeldon's gang gave ground, battling back with deadly, grim savagery, for they realised that they had unleashed a force that only blood would satiate.

"Through the back door! Run for it!"

Yeldon gave the order in a grating whisper, and his gang jumped for the retreat. Sam's boot, back-kicking viciously, floored a man hard on his heels. He leaped through to the darkness, slamming the door to gain every inch of ground.

"To Fenner's! We'll get 'em at Fenner's!"

Red Cherley screamed the rally, and the pack of cursing, shouting men poured out into the night; they were hounds of vengeance with their noses to the scent. In the sudden silence that followed their exodus, Tim Coghlin recovered consciousness. With his head cradled on her lap, the girl looked up at Ma Malloy; her eyes were baleful and challenging.

"Tim never done nothin'. Why did yer hit him with the mallet?"

Ma's thick lips twisted sourly as she retorted, "I'd 'a had you on me hands for years, if he'd hit Yeldon. For breakin' his ticket o' leave, he'd 'a bin in a chain gang to-morrow."

"I'm—I'm sorry, Ma." Sally's anger was gone, but Ma Malloy did not seem to hear her; she was staring out of the side window.

"Hmmmp!" Ma grunted. "What happened to those girls Fenner signed up on the ship?"

"They gave his wife the slip," Sally told her. "They ran away and got married to some fellers they made up to when the ship berthed."

"Well, he won't get them, an' I don't want you," Ma said gruffly. She opened her till and dropped 20 sovereigns into the girl's lap. "That's the quickest way to get rid of you. It'll take yer both to Newcastle. Don't come back till you're wedded proper, parson and all."

"Crikey, Ma!" Coghlin's eyes bulged with astonishment. "You'll get it all back, if I got to kill meself workin'."

"I will," the shanty keeper retorted grimly. "You're going to run that creek farm for me, an' you'll run it proper. See!"

"I'll help, too, Ma," the girl offered eagerly. "I'll help you up here every night."

Ma glared at her, her fat lips jutting out belligerently. "Serving wenches! Bah! Nothing but a peck o' trouble!"

"Yeah, a peck o' trouble!" Red Cherley echoed it, as he limped into the bar, but Ma Malloy was staring out of the window, her eyes reflecting the roaring conflagration that was consuming Fenner's new shanty.

"You didn't start that fire, did you, Charley?" she asked grimly.

"Me start a fire!" His eyes were guileless until they swivelled to a bottle of rum standing on the bar. "There's on'y one thing'll warm my old bones, Ma."

"Arrrh!" Take it!" Ma Malloy snorted as she pushed the bottle towards him. "I must be gettin' old; I'm gettin' soft in the head. Servin' wenches! Look what one cost me to-night! Bah!"

With a camera for a weapon, they ventured into the kingdom of the jungle where a Snake was God.

WALT SHELDON • FICTION



the gaboon viper

PRESTON KAREY and Boardman Bannerhall were brought together in Stanleyville by a wise and gracious Providence Each had a bit of what the other had not, and this was particularly true in the matter of money.

Preston Karey was the one who had no funds. A series of bad breaks had brought it about Arabs stealing his last ivory haul, The Fly giving his oxen nagana—sleeping sickness—on his last gun-smuggling trip.

So when Boardman Bannerhall was ready to take his hunting trip no other guides were immediately available. Bannerhall liked things immediate, once he had made up his mind And why not?—he could pay to have it that way He invited Karey to dinner on the screened verandah of the Hotel de la Regence.

"I don't know how long I want to be gone in the bush," said Bannerhall, who had now been in Africa just long enough to eschew the term "jungle" "Until I get tired of it, I guess."

"Any particular kind of game you're after?" Karey asked.

Bannerhall leaned back, and the rattan chair creaked. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds. It might have been said that there wasn't an ounce of flesh on him—it was all fat. He had baby eyes, baby lips, baby cheeks. He'd inherited his money. He said, "Oh, the usual stuff Elephants. Lions. Buffalo I want to take as many feet of film as possible. I'll show you how to operate the cameras They're sixteen millimetre, you won't have any trouble."

Karey nodded. "Well, we'll do as well as any place in the southern Luvua country. We can boat it down there and then branch off into the K'Nuana Forest. As long as you don't care where we go, I might as well take advantage of it. I'd like to visit a tribe I've heard about for a long time, but never seen. The Atambi." He smiled, and new wrinkles appeared in his lean face. "I have two reasons for wanting to find them."

"Two reasons?" asked Bannerhall.

"Yes. First, I'm genuinely interested in all tribal customs and I want to witness a rather odd ceremony the Atambi are supposed to have. Second, no white man has ever reached them before, and to get to them won't at all hurt my reputation as a guide."

Bannerhall shrugged. "It's up to you All I want to do is a little shooting, and get some pictures of the action."

Karey began to sense the trouble as the expedition got under way. They started south of the falls. While Karey was loading the flat-bottomed river boat, juggling all the cramped space to make it come out even, several porters showed up with four cases of scented toilet soap. Karey laughed, supposed someone had made a mistake, and stowed half a case. Then, when Bannerhall found out that his four cases of toilet soap—scented—weren't aboard, he fumed and sputtered. What the devil was he supposed to wash with? He went to the bow, took a bucket bath and sulked for twenty-four hours.

By that time they were well on their way, pushing against the sluggish, brown current, and already in scattered jungle. Karey noticed that Bannerhall washed his hands about every hour. Whenever he got a drink from Ofuala, the hunch-backed mess-boy, he stared at the glass suspiciously and wiped it off again before drinking After using his handkerchief thus, he would put it away to be laundered.

In Bannerhall's very cleanliness, Karey sensed something unclean. He couldn't explain to himself too clearly just what he did sense He shrugged it off.

Their first game was a herd of hippo which Karey sighted among a bed of reeds at a broad, flat turn of the river. They were downwind, and Karey maneouvred the boat to within shooting distance, then handed Bannerhall the Martini-Henry repeater loaded, ready to shoot Bannerhall missed miserably.

"Good grief!" said Bannerhall. He stared at the two piggish periscopes of eyes, and the wedge of water flowing back from the bulky push of the animal. He yelled suddenly—it was almost a scream—and then in a panic tried to rush to the other side of the boat and escape Two of the porters grabbed him Karey, meanwhile, picked up the Martini-Henry, aimed, fired, and sent a heavy calibre slug into the beast. It kept charging, but fortunately missed the boat

Karey turned then to look at Bannerhall. The fat playboy's eyes shone with panic. He was thrashing and

struggling in the grips of the two blacks. He was yelling. "Get your filthy hands off me! Karey — do something! Get these filthy apes off me!"

Karey spoke swiftly to them in interior Congolese, and they released Bannerhall.

Bannerhall turned slowly to face the hunter. He held his infantile lips tight for a moment, and then in a low, acid voice he said, "I can't stand their dirty hands on me. I can't stand anything dirty."

There was not much harmony between the two men after that. It seemed as though they had been born hostile to each other. I've heard witch doctors explain that in every man there is the spirit of a certain animal, and sometimes natural enemies just come together. May even be something to that.

Well, Bannerhall, after the incident of the hippo, became increasingly nasty with the porters. Ofuala, the mess boy, bore most of it. He was usually handiest. If there was the slightest speck on the serving tray Bannerhall would rave and swear at the black. Threaten to strike him, although Karey usually managed to stop that in time. Then at night when the twelve porters gathered in the bow of the boat to sing Bannerhall would often make them stop because he didn't like the noise. The porters had been brought along from downriver because it was uncertain just what help would be available when they got to the K'Nuana Forest. They glared back at Bannerhall dumbly, and they muttered among themselves.

Karey didn't like this at all. He was taking the porters into a strange and, to them, fearful country; he would need them in a co-operative mood.

They finally reached the K'Nuana Forest some weeks later. They left the boat and set off into the jungle. Karey kept the blacks going by jokes, oratory, and a kind of personal magnetism.

But in spite of Karey's efforts something did happen. It was just one of those chance encounters.

It happened in deep jungle. They were well into it, now: thick, green jungle which was mostly hot and dark.

They followed a faint game trail; most of it was choked with foliage and the porters hacked the way with bush-knives. Late the day it happened they still hadn't found a clearing, so, in a relatively thin spot, some of the porters began to hack one. Bannerhall sat on a fallen log, mopped his brow, panted, and lighted a cigar. Other blacks began to set up the tents and start a cooking fire.

Karey, meanwhile, busied himself by jotting in his notebook. This evening he wrote:

Should contact Atambi soon. Definitely snake country here: saw several species today; one mamba in a tree. Don't think Bannerhall noticed it. Don't think he'll be happy when he learns why I want to visit the Atambi. Anxious to find out if Atambi use poisonous or non-poisonous varieties in their ceremony — if, indeed, the reports of their ceremony are true . . .

There was suddenly a scream of terror.

Karey brought his head up. Bannerhall's tent had already been pitched and Bannerhall apparently had stepped into it. Right now he was stepping out of it. Backwards, and in a hurry. His eyes were as big as clock dials and he was pointing with a fat, trembling finger. His jowls were green. "In there!" he gasped.

Karey jumped toward the tent, at the same time worrying his Mauser from its holster. Bannerhall apparently hadn't even thought to draw his own pistol. Karey looked inside. There was a snake in there. It was thick-bodied, sand-colored, and had bright, oblong markings along the back, and little, triangular markings on the side. It was perhaps five feet long—it was in a half coil now, weaving its head about in a bewildered way, and spitting its forked tongue in and out rapidly. It had a small, horny protuberance on its nose.

Karey aimed quietly for an instant, then pulled the trigger. The big slug smashed the reptile's head. It thrashed about, dying.

"Great gods, that was close!" Bannerhall stared. "Was—was it poisonous?"

"Yes," said Karey, "I'm afraid it was. Quite dangerous. Some have recovered from its bite, but not many. It's a Gaboon viper—related to the rhino snake, but marked differently. They like this sort of deep forest."

Bannerhall didn't even answer. He pressed his lips together and then he wheeled about, toward the porters who were gaping at all this. His eyes lighted on Ofuala, the mess boy.

Bannerhall shot a finger at him. "You helped put up the tent. You allowed it to happen!"

Ofuala blinked.

Bannerhall then made a loud noise that was somewhere between a roar and a scream, rushed forward, swept up a bush knife, and swung mightily at Ofuala. Ofuala barely managed to dodge the blow. His eyes were great white rings—Karey glimpsed his terrified face just before he whirled away and ran for the jungle.

Bannerhall leapt after him. He swung the bush-knife again. He made his roaring-screaming sound—

"Bannerhall!" Karey shouted. "Stop that! Drop that knife!"

Bannerhall didn't seem to hear him.

Karey rushed across the clearing, came up behind the fat man just as he was about to swing, grabbed his upraised arm, and then twisted until the knife fell.

Bannerhall whirled and there was fire in his eye. He swung his fat fist at Karey.

It was a wild and clumsy swing, but there was weight, and even some power behind it—it might have done damage had it struck. Karey slipped under it neatly and at the same time sent a short hard blow — one that travelled a little more than eight inches—to the exact centre of Bannerhall's jaw.

Bannerhall's eyes glazed over and he rocked a bit before he fell flat on his face.

In the days that followed neither spoke of the incident again, but the silence between the two men was like the space between a gingerly thumb and a hollow-ground razor edge. And Karey was kept in maddening uncertainty trying to watch Bannerhall to see that the man didn't shoot him in the back, and trying to keep the porters from deserting at the same time.

Somehow, Karey kept everybody pushing on.

Four days later they met the Atambi.

It came about very simply: the party emerged into a swampy clearing, and there, on the other side of it, stood at least forty tall, slender warriors in skins and plumes. They seemed to be waiting for them. Everybody stopped.

Bannerhall gasped and went white.

"It's all right," Karey said, keeping his eyes on the warriors. "They'd have ambushed us if they meant harm. They don't want to kill us. At least, not right at the moment—"

"I—I shouldn't have allowed it!" muttered Bannerhall. "We shouldn't have come here."

"Sh!" said Karey sharply. He turned and spoke to the porters. Most of them were standing in half-frozen attitudes, looking at the tall men. Then Karey said to Bannerhall, "Wait here. Don't move, don't look worried. Cover me, and if they start an attack, stay where you are and shoot back. You don't stand a chance running through the jungle."

Bannerhall groaned.

Karey stepped forward and started across the swampy clearing.

The tall warriors watched him unmovingly. Even their eyes didn't move. They were all exceptionally lank; they reminded Karey somewhat of the Nuers of the White Nile, the stork men. Their muscles seemed hard, black leather straps on their bones. There was one who stood forward and a little apart from the others, and who seemed to be the leader. He was dressed a bit more resplendently. He wore a breechskin, copper bracelets, and about his head a wide, snakeskin band into which plumes were stuck.

Karey halted several paces from the warrior, lifted his hand, and said in interior dialect: "I come in peace."

The tall warrior evidently understood. He repeated the word. "Peace."

A tension had been broken, and the others stirred and muttered among themselves.

Now Karey spoke very slowly and helped his words along with gestures. "We come. Bring presents. We will talk. We will look. After three suns, we will go in peace."

The warrior seemed to understand that. His voice was rather deep and strident, and he answered just as haltingly in the same dialect, or at least an understandable version of it. "I am N'Tinkeno, chief of Atambi. I take presents. I give presents. We

A country journalist, overcome by the heat (or something) of a local race-meeting, assured his readers: "As the horses neared the post, the crowd were so on their toes that the women in the grandstand stretched their necks, and nobody looked at them; two men were run over and nobody picked them up; two other women fainted, and two men betted over them."

will talk. You come with me to the village."

Karey smiled, and N'Tinkeno smiled back, showing long, strong, yellowish teeth.

The party was led another several miles into the jungle—Bannerhall grumbling fretfully all the while — and then they came to the Atambi village. It was rather large for a forest kraal; Karey estimated some fifty or sixty thatched houses.

Karey grinned, and then suddenly his grin faded as they came to the main clearing, and he saw what was waiting for them ahead.

Apparently the whole village had turned out to meet the strangers. Women, mostly with infants, and oldsters and smaller children lined both sides of the clearing. At the head of the clearing was an orchestra of a kind of xylophone, some long reed flutes whose ends touched the ground, and several assorted drums. Before the orchestra sat a hassock, covered with leopard skin. And before this throne there was a thatched cage affair, perhaps the size of a piano crate, its corner stakes driven into the ground. Through the thatch Karey could see the slowly writhing forms of perhaps a score of snakes . .

He heard a half-choked gasp beside him and he knew that Bannerhall had seen, too.

The tall chief, N'Tinkeno, now took his place at the leopard skin hassock where there was an involved reception ceremony. When there was an expectant pause Karey called forth the porters who bore the trade boxes. Bannerhall hadn't wanted to bother with these supplies of cloth, beads, wire, mirrors — but Karey had insisted.

He made the presents and the Atambi were pleased.

Abruptly, the orchestra began to play. There was a curious, broken rhythm in the drums and xylophone, and the wail of the flutes curled around and over it, like a serpent on a limb. The lines of watchers began to chant softly. They began to shuffle their feet.

N'Tinkeno sat on his throne with his palms on his knees, his eyes slightly lidded, and his head cocked to one side. As though waiting for something.

Bannerhall fidgeted and Karey whispered sharply: "For the love of Mike—be still!"

The drums kept beating. Presently, the chanting rose in volume and pitch. The dancers formed a file and began to move around the clearing in a sinuous pattern.

"It's their snake dance!" Karey muttered excitedly to Bannerhall. "But we don't dare use the cameras. Not without showing them first. Letting them get used to the idea. Damn—why couldn't they have waited?"

Bannerhall said, "Why would we have to show them first?"

"Too dangerous otherwise," said

Karey. "They might turn on us at the first sight of anything unusual. You can't afford to startle them."

The drums throbbed more loudly.

Abruptly N'Tinkeno rose from his leopard skin throne. He held up his hand. There was a sudden and awful silence. The line of dancers stopped. The music stopped. All of the Atambi turned and regarded their chief with wide, expectant eyes. He walked slowly forward toward the thatched cage in the middle of the clearing. He walked with stiff, unnatural steps. The drums began to beat softly again . .

N'Tinkeno opened a thonged door on the cage. The drums quickened, crescendoed; the watchers began chanting again. Slowly, slowly, N'Tinkeno reached inside, into that tangle of snakes. Karey glanced at Bannerhall. Bannerhall's jaws hung, and his puffy cheeks seemed suddenly to deflate themselves. Karey looked back at the cage again. N'Tinkeno carefully drew out a thick-bodied snake, and held him on outstretched palms. The bright pattern of its scales rippled, showing a seeming iridescence. It was a Gaboon viper. The drums went into a purring beat, and N'Tinkeno backed away from the cage, and then someone else ran up and closed the door and tied the thongs again.

N'Tinkeno turned. He looked up from the snake. The reptile lay inert except for its head and neck which wove back and forth slowly and appeared to keep time with the chanting and the drums. Its delicate forked tongue flicked nervously.

N'Tinkeno looked directly at Bannerhall, and then walked toward him.

Bannerhall took a backward step. "No—don't bring that thing here!" he said.

"Bannerhall!" Karey's whisper was low, but arresting. "Whatever you do, don't move! Don't bat an eye! If you ever controlled yourself in your life, do it now! Just—just hang on till he finishes!"

Bannerhall stood where he was and stared, and his eyes widened a little more with each step that N'Tinkeno took toward him. N'Tinkeno still held the snake forward. He moved slowly and inexorably.

And Bannerhall tried. That much must be said for him—he tried. He pressed his lips together and every trace of color went out of his face, and he rocked and trembled.

N'Tinkeno came to within two paces. He stopped. He thrust the snake forward at Bannerhall and grunted something which was obviously the equivalent of "Here—take it."

"Go on!" whispered Karey. "You've got to!"

Bannerhall was still trying. He lifted his fat arms. He got them to the level of his waist. He held them there, working his plump fingers in and out. A pitiful moan sounded through his compressed lips.

"Take it!" said Karey in an agonized whisper.

Then Bannerhall suddenly screamed. All the terror of his thinly civilized soul was in that scream. It was loud, and it was sudden, and it startled N'Tinkeno. The chief dropped the snake. The snake lay there, turning only its head this way and that in bewildered fashion. Bannerhall backed away. With quick, panicky movements—too quick for Karey to interfere — he yanked his pistol from its holster, pointed it, and fired one shot after another into the snake—

A great, concerted howl rose from the Atambi, and they closed in on the two white men and on the twelve porters.

They trussed everybody, of course

They trussed Karey and Bannerhall and Ofuala the mess boy and the rest. They slung each man by his hands and feet, to a long pole, they strung the poles and their burdens like so many hams along two parallel raised drying racks at the opposite end of the village.

All through it, Bannerhall wailed and kicked and screamed "It's all your fault, Karey! Now you've done it! Damn you, damn you, damn you!" screamed Boardman Bannerhall the Third

Karey thought He thought hard and fast. And he got an idea.

It was some time before he could catch N'Tinkeno's attention He finally did so by shouting the chief's name during a short lull in the excitement. The chief came over to him and glared at his supine face

This time Karey spoke more slowly and carefully than ever "N'Tinkeno, hear. I am a great witch doctor and magician. Set me free a little and I will show you how to make a man be bitten by a snake, and still not die."

N'Tinkeno pretended not to understand at first He even started to walk away Then Karey spoke his name again in that quiet, commanding way of his. He used every drop of personal magnetism he had, perhaps At any rate, N'Tikeno turned, listened again, and then frowned and considered the matter.

It took a great deal of palaver. Perhaps ten minutes of it But N'Tinkeno finally deepened his frown—to show that all of this was very much against his better judgment—and ordered Karey temporarily freed. He announced to the rest what Karey had promised to do. Have a man bitten by a snake, and magically save him from death The idea interested all of them very much. They formed a circle, and Karey stood in the middle of it rubbing the circulation back into his wrists and ankles, and they waited for him to do his stuff.

He was finally ready. He made a good show of it. He took his time and he turned first in a slow circle and looked at all of them. Next he pointed to the snake cage. They looked He swung his arm slowly, and now he pointed to Bannerhall, where he hung.

Bannerhall had been watching all of this in a stupified way. He'd understood none of Karey's words to the chief. But he seemed to suspect the meaning of Karey's gestures. "Karey! What are you doing? What are you trying to do?"

Karey didn't answer him. He pointed again to the snake cage and said in dialect: "Bring a snake!"

N'Tinkeno repeated the order in the Atambi tongue. Two warriors ran to obey. They were apparently specialists at the business of handling reptiles; they didn't do it barehandedly as N'Tinkeno had during the ceremony, but used forked sticks and a thong They picked out another Gaboon viper, and brought it back, half-garroted.

In dramatic, hollow tones, Karey said, "First—magic!"

The Atambi watched and waited

Over the squirming, protesting fat playboy, Karey made a series of mysterious waves and passes, and all the while muttered nonsense syllables

Suddenly, he turned to the two snake-handlers and beckoned. They came forward He pointed to Bannerhall's fat leg, just above the knee, where the trouser leg had fallen and the flabby flesh was exposed.

Bannerhall howled: **"Karey—you—can't do this! You're an inhuman fiend!"**

Karey made a gesture of command The snake-handlers stepped forward

and lifted the sluggish, thick-bodied viper to Bannerhall's leg Bannerhall this time screamed until it seemed that he would tear the lining from his throat.

They put the viper's head to the flesh. The angry, frightened thing struck and sank his fangs deeply—

Bannerhall bleated once with the burning pain of the venom, and then he passed out cold.

Karey kept up his cabalistic gestures and his mumbo-jumbo The Atambi pressed forward, staring A man bitten by a Gaboon viper died in a very short time; they wouldn't have long to wait.

Five minutes passed and Bannerhall didn't die. He opened his eyes, as a matter of fact, gave another pitiful moan, and promptly fainted again.

Ten minutes passed.

Bannerhall was a sickly grey-green color. He had become conscious again, and he writhed and groaned with pain. His leg was blue and swollen where the viper had bitten His eyes were dull, and his jaw was slack and half-paralysed.

But he didn't die.

Night fell, and the Atambi lighted fires and torches and Bannerhall groaned all through the night, and Karey stood over him and muttered and gestured, and—

Bannerhall didn't die

Somehow Karey, though dead tired, stayed on his feet. Kept gesturing, kept mumbling He had to do that to hold their attention By morning Bannerhall slept His pulse was slow and his face was ashen and his breathing was so faint that it was almost unnoticeable.

But he wasn't dead

And finally, in the middle of the morning, when N'Tinkeno came quietly to Karey's side and handed him a scrawny chicken for a present, Karey knew he had won.

He was glad he had remembered that story told to him by an old witch doctor The old gnome had claimed that no matter what the snake—hoop-snake, spitting snake, milk snake, Gaboon viper—pigs were quite immune to their bite, because a pig carries so much surplus fat

He had wondered whether a man with a lot of surplus fat might not also absorb the poison and survive

Fortunately, Boardman Bannerhall had been very fat Karey permitted himself a grin.

Talking Points

BITTER BLOSSOMS . . .

Many plants of the jungle (and not a few of more civilised localities) bear within themselves the bitter taste of death. But none is more deadly or more bizarre than "The Flower of Vengeance" which Wayne D. Mote describes in this issue of CAVALCADE. The centre of barbaric traditions, the cause of who-knows-how-many weird deaths, this flower is no figment of the imagination. It exists . . . and lives its murderous life today. The story Mote has to tell is well substantiated . . . which is just one more exemple of truth's ability to make the gaudiest fiction seem trite.

SIAMESE TWINS . . .

All Australia recently followed the story of Siamese twins born in Tasmania. As it happened, these children were joined head to head and died without eny possibility of being separated and living normal lives as ordinary human beings. This month, CAVALCADE gives you an insight into the lives of other Siamese twins . . how some have suffered and how others have managed to make a compromise with the world and have lived at least comparatively active and happy lives.

THE MILD WILD-MAN . . .

Almost everybody has heard of "Wild Bill" Hickok, celebrated American of the American frontier . . and most of what they have heard has been entirely inaccurate. In "Mild Bill and Fate" (Page 20), Jack Heming gives you the real Hickok and those who have read of him or have seen screen versions of his career are due for some surprises. Heming has made a thorough study of his subject . . . and has proved to our satisfaction that Barrie's "Peter Pan" is not unique in portraying the "mildest mannered man who ever sank a ship or cut a throat"

WASSERMANN .

In these days when the campaign against venereal disease is being more and more firmly pressed, the rights and wrongs of the Wassermann test are of vital importance. In "Why Fear A Wassermann Test" (Page 56), Dr. A. L. Wolbarst discusses the subject from a medical stand-point and shows just what the test will . . . and will not . . . do. Dr. Wolbarst has reached some new and interesting conclusions which are well-worth studying.

SEA-SPITFIRES . . .

For an authentic story of courage and adventure in World War II read Cedric Mentiplay's "Spitfires of the Sea" (Page 66). It is a fantastic—and action-filled—story of the men who went out in the Little Ships. Mentiplay made this trip himself. He has photographs to prove it





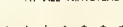














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